

Dear Ones

by

Betty Burton Choate

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*Dedicated in love to those friends
and dear ones in Christ to whom
these letters were addressed.*

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FIRST . . .

a word . . .

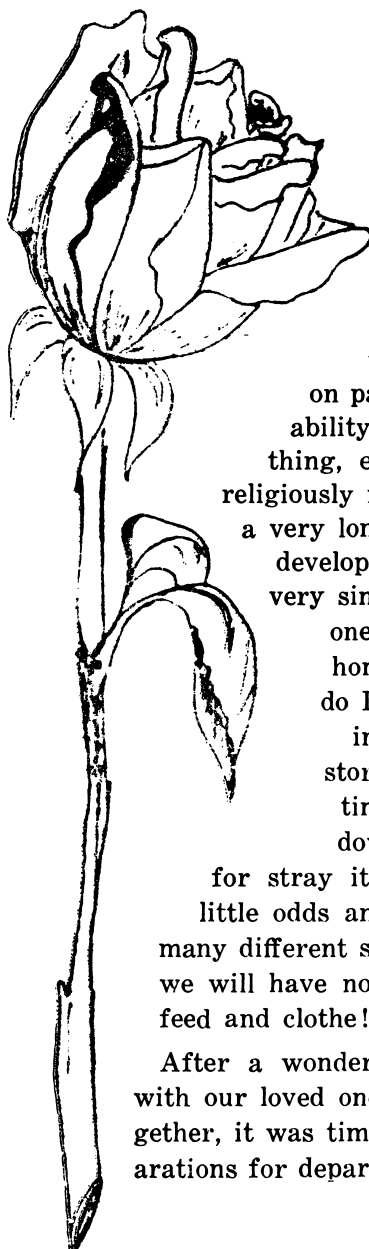
If you have read *First Steps in Faith*, you know the story of our lives and work in foreign fields during the years 1962-1969. *Dear Ones* doesn't begin where that one left off, and is of an entirely different style (I hope some day to write a real sequel to *First Steps*), but I hope it will prove to be a useful book. The first chapter begins with our final preparations to return to India in November of 1972. "We" included the six of our immediate family: J. C., myself, Darla (13 yrs.), Sheila (12 yrs.), Steven (9 yrs.), and Shannon (4 mos.); the seventh member of our group was Miss Barbara Oliver, a young lady who was our good friend and who wanted to be of help in India.

During the following two years I wrote letters to Christian friends in an attempt to share, in a very personal way, all the facets of living in India and working with the church there. It was also my intention to bring those letters together in book form, so that perhaps mission work might be made more real to a greater part of the church. And of course our desire is that as people *know more* they *will do more*. We therefore pray that you who read these pages will open your eyes to the world around you, that you will not allow obstacles or hardships to discourage you but that you will determine to take a more active part in world evangelism—in the form of going afar yourself, or as you seek ways to help those who go in your stead. If you will try to live these pages with us, perhaps one day you will be writing of your own experiences in serving Christ in some distant field.

And now: the book. Try to imagine running your legs off shopping, packing, sewing, getting shots, and you will have a general picture of the opening chapter.

DECEMBER

Dearest Ones,



In spite of the best of intentions not to miss a month writing, last month was too full to find a spare minute for thinking thoughts that were collected enough to write on paper. I have an extraordinary ability for forgetting things — anything, everything — so I have been religiously making and following lists for a very long time. While a list is being developed it seems that it will be a very simple matter to buy the things, one, two, three, and take them home and pack them. But why do I never list things in the order in which they are displayed in stores, to spare myself of wasting time and energy running up and down aisles repeatedly searching for stray items? And why do so many little odds and ends necessitate visiting so many different stores? Oh, for the time when we will have no physical bodies to house and feed and clothe!

After a wonderful week Thanksgiving week with our loved ones at home for a last visit together, it was time to go back to work on preparations for departure. The living room had be-

come seeming chaos to the untrained eye, but I knew which piles of things were to go into suitcases and which were to go into the box for shipping. The den had been turned into a sewing room and Mother and I both had things strewn all over, cutting and sewing. Daddy kept asking, "When are you going to get the box packed and off?" and I kept assuring him that it would be ready by the time we left—and I was right! Finally, on the morning of our departure the last things were put in and the top was nailed down and the truck picked it up. That same morning was also filled with making a dress and a pants-dress outfit each for the girls—we almost literally walked out the door sewing on buttons! At last the bags were all closed and locked and we were ready—or we hoped we were.

Daddy and Mother, O'Nirah and Clayton and Kim (my sister and her family), and the Gene Gibsons had all planned to go with us to the airport. We liked to think they were there out of desire to see us off, but we also knew that with all of us and all of our baggage, our three-car-caravan was almost a necessity! Thinking of it all, I felt very cumbersome and longed to just go with nothing but a light handbag each—but the diapers *were* a necessity, and it *did* seem wise to take summer and winter things too since we would be experiencing both hot and cold weather along the way, and yes we *ought* to take some extra hair spray since it costs six or seven dollars a can in India, and there was just *no choice* about taking that thirty pounds of school books . . .

One last time I walked through the house, supposedly checking to be sure we were not leaving anything, but deep inside I was feeling once more the warmth of the four walls of each room around me and, as I looked at each familiar object, a lonely feeling inside kept saying, "Goodbye, House . . . Goodbye, House."

Our plane was delayed so we had longer to visit with each other at the airport than we had expected. I won't tell now of the goodbyes — looking back hurts too much. But I am deeply thankful to God that He gave us the gift of such precious ones to love. If it were not for their confidence in us and their help in so many countless ways, we could not do the work we want to do. So, since they are a vital part of our team too, would you who pray for us also pray earnestly for them? Especially remember Daddy and Mother; for all of these years they have very unselfishly put their desires and wishes second to our needs and those of the work. Their willingness to give and do and help in every situation has made many good things possible. I wish that more of you could know them personally, and you would agree that they are my special blessings from God. I thank Him for them.

I had wondered — fearing — what it would be like to travel so far with a small baby, and I learned an amazing thing. The more I thought of diapers and baby food, etc., the more mountainous the load of managing seemed to be. But when I determined not to remember yesterday's problems and not to try anticipating tomorrow's, I was amazed at how light the present moment's load always was! There was always some suitable food for Shannon to eat, and the diapers were never too much to handle at any one time; nor was the washing for the other six of us more than could be coped with easily, as long as I didn't wonder what complications tomorrow would bring. After I learned that marvelous lesson, I stopped fearing complications, and none ever came! So traveling with a small baby and a family of seven is not bad!

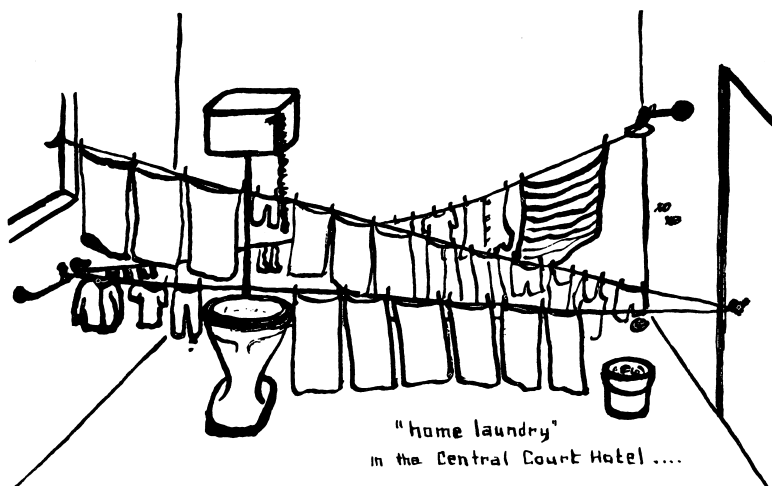
We arrived in Delhi on December 26, and have been trying to get settled since then. Quite often my human

side gets the upper hand and I forget to remember that all of this is fun, and it begins to feel like *work*. But eventually we'll have a table to eat on and enough hangers for our clothes, and a kettle for boiling water, and I'll find a shop that has bathcloths, and we'll cover the windows with something, and the rest of the floors will look as white as that one square in our bedroom that I scrubbed this morning, etc., etc., etc. You can't imagine what a sense of satisfaction it gave me to have a clothes line up finally (in my happiness I even forgot to miss the dryer that was so taken-for-granted at home), and how *nice* it is to have a handy plastic bucket to soak the wash in! After a diet for several days of fruit and cookies and banana or tomato sandwiches on hard bread, my family almost paid homage at my feet, Indian-style, when we actually got a hot plate and I cooked a one-dish meal of meat balls and potatoes! Hopefully, we will soon have a two-burner gas stove, and *then* what feasts I'll be able to prepare! And, oh, one day when we have an oven again I won't be able to fill them up on biscuits! It is *wonderful* to be able to appreciate little things that have come to be important blessings.

Are you remembering how much we need your prayers?

Our love,

Betty and family



"home laundry"
in the Central Court Hotel

JANUARY

Dear Ones,

The older I get to be the more deeply aware I am of the limitations of this body that houses us. You step off the plane in a foreign country, mind and spirit in a heavenly world because of your longing to share God with everyone, and, splat — after you have finally located a hotel that can be endured and afforded at the same time, the first thing that hits you in the face is the *odious* fact that your bag contains an ever-growing number of wet diapers that need the attention of a container of water, washing powder, elbow grease, and something to hang them on. Thankfully, God provided a reasonable supply of the elbow grease, but he left it up to you to locate the other things. Which means hailing a taxi and finding a place to buy a bucket and washing powder, some kind of line, and maybe some clothes pins. And while you're out you might as

well buy some bread and butter and jam and peanut butter and mayonnaise and tomatoes and bananas and oranges and cheese and cookies — and you'll have to have a knife and a can opener if you can find one; and it *would* be nice to have a plate to lay that tomato sandwich on while you're making a banana sandwich for whoever wants one of them. And do notice any "ToLet" signs for possible housing, while you're out.

And so, stomachs filled with a various odd assortment of foods, and clothes draped over make-do lines and chairs, you again say "wait" to the nudges and pulls from the spiritual world and begin the real search for the house that will become home to your family and a meeting place for the church. Many miles and house-tour disappointments later, you are sure God has opened the door to just the *right* house located on one of the main streets — and yes it has a large room for the meetings and the high rent is just within the realm of possibility; and no, it won't be that filthy after a few days of scrubbing. So you sign the terms of lease with the landlord and with a sigh of relief you bundle your possessions into a taxi and move to your new home.

Ah, *now* you can begin on your work — but, first you really do need some kind of beds because you can't sleep in those two chairs and three stools the landlord's wife so kindly brought over; and some pillows and sheets and some plugs (and a screwdriver) so you can use the little heaters you bought; and buy glasses and dishes and some cutlery—oh, well, even if they don't match, and the plates do look a little warped and there are some scratches and dents on the pots and pans, you can still *use* them; and buy some towels (surely you'll run across some bathcloths somewhere, sometime) and dishtowels and something to begin scrubbing and cleaning with; and since the thought

of another banana sandwich is almost a gagging thing, try to buy some kind of hot plate to use until the promised two-burner butane hot-plate is delivered; and you need some soap—and don't forget to buy several of those tiny 37¢ rolls of toilet paper (and you *ration* the squares); those cane chairs and baskets and shelves will match (in cheapness) the charpois (beds) you have; and do try to find that Panch Kuian Road and order a table and some furniture for the living room—eating on that tiny folding table and inviting guests to the bedroom to have a seat on the charpois is getting old; and buy pencils and papers so we can begin on the children's school work again, etc., etc., etc.

Of course we make it hard on ourselves; *luxury hotels* are available, food can be eaten in *restaurants*, clothes can be sent to a *laundry*, for the price of a month's rent a *real estate agent* will locate any type of house one might want, and for \$2000 per child per year the kids could go to the *International School*—but even by cutting every corner possible it seems forbiddingly expensive to get set-up to live and to work in a foreign country; so I would be afraid to think what it would cost if one went “first class” with the easy route.

But, koi bat nahin, we are here and most of the necessary physical needs have been supplied and we can turn our attention now to the real purpose for which we came. But won't it be *wonderful* when we make that *final* move—and there will be no house to find, no food to buy, no furniture to have made, no education to be concerned with?—just the sublime existence in the spiritual world for all of eternity!

Love,

Betty

E-10-B DEFENCE COLONY
NEW DELHI, INDIA 110024

JANUARY

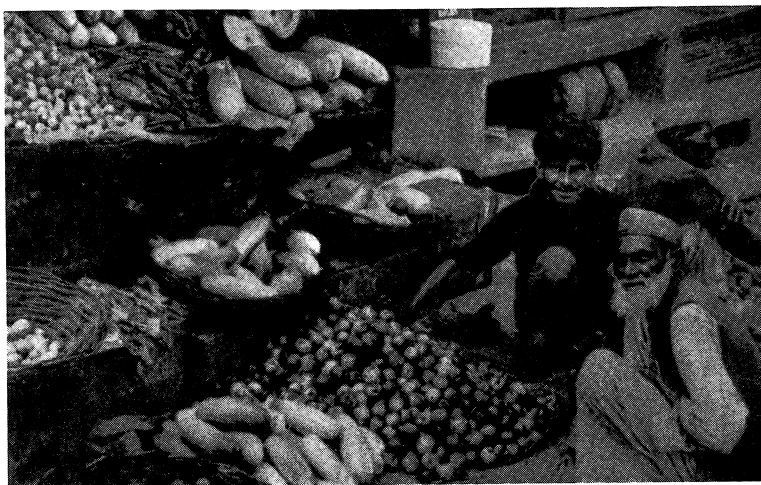
Dearest Ones,

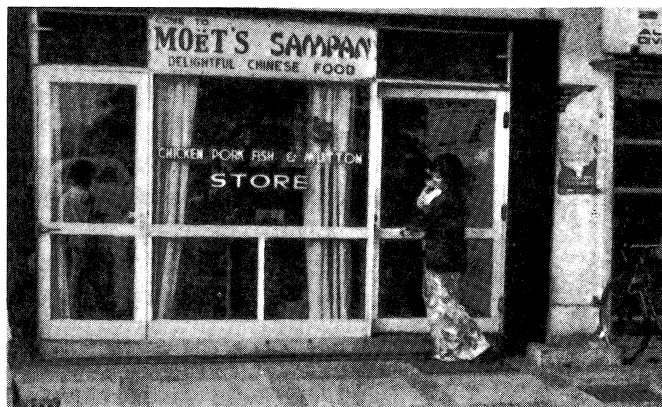
So many times we have been asked how Indian or Ceylonese people can live here on just a fraction of what it costs for us. I have had a hard time understanding that, too—I can't figure out how they *eat* every day. But I know that many factors are involved, so maybe sharing them with you will help some in solving the puzzle.

First, there are levels of income here, as in America. Our neighbors, who are Indians, spend as much or more each month than we spend on food and clothing. Obviously, they are among the relatively few well-to-do families. Others of our acquaintance seldom eat meat and have very little variety in their diet. A meal usually consists of dried beans (called dal) cooked with hot spices, unleavened bread called chapati, and water. Others, in the ever-present famine areas, may eat only once in one or two days, and even then their food may be bitter grasses usually eaten by camels, or some other almost uneatable food.

You can see that food, in absence or plenty, takes on daily life or death importance here. Because of widespread poverty, and because India is semi-socialistic, ration cards are provided for all local people. With these, sugar and grains can be purchased for about half the market rate. Without the cards, here is a sample grocery bill for one week's food for our family of seven.

1 can (303) jam	\$1.10	2 150-watt bulbs	2.00
1 kilo dal	.50	1 400-grams cheese	.90
6 bars candy	.90	2 cans vim cleanser	.50
1 lb. noodles	.32	1 cinnamon powder	.55
3 poppard (Indian bread)	.32	1 can oats	.97
2 kilos rice	.93	1 can baking powder	.85
1 lb. cashew nuts	1.30	4 washing powder	2.70
1 kilo peanuts	.60	10 lbs. whole wheat flour	1.05
1 case cokes (6 oz.)	1.60	1 lb. can ovaltine	2.00
1 loaf bread	.21	20 lbs. potatoes	1.40
2 doz. eggs	1.00	2 lbs. apples	.70
1 can instant coffee	1.90	2 lbs. pears	.70
(200 gms.)		1 doz. tangerines	.50
1 lb. tea	.93	1 doz. bananas	.20
10 lbs. sugar	2.90	2 lbs. green peas	.30
4 rolls toilet tissue	1.45	2 lbs. green beans	.90
3 bars lux	.33	1 cabbage	.07
1 kilo flour	.56	cauliflour	.15
1 lb. butter	.95	2 lbs. tomatoes	.15
1 4-kilo tin oil	5.18	4 lbs. carrots	.30
1 2-1/2 lb. powdered milk	2.85	2 lbs. cucumbers	.75
1 asst. cookies	.43	1 lb. okra	.20
1 nice cookies	.40	4 lbs. onions	.50
1/3 pt. mayonnaise	.75	all pork	(pound) .40
1/2 pt. peanut butter	.70	bacon	(pound) .90
1 marie cookies	.37	chicken	(pound) .90
1 monaco crackers	.28	mutton	(pound) .45
2 bottles ketchup	1.40	buffalo	(pound) .15





As you see, some items are much higher here than in the States, while some are cheaper, with prices of vegetables and fruits fluctuating greatly with the season. Also, you will notice that there is an absence of the "nic-nacs" we take for granted in America. One *quart* of ice cream here is \$1.20! Few non-essential foods are available, and those that are available are outrageously high. Since we have no oven, we eat fruit for dessert — and I wonder how we will afford ingredients for baked sweets even if we have an oven someday.

Would you like to plan and cook three meals a day here? How well do you think you would eat on the local middle-class Indian's income of perhaps \$100.00 or less a month?

If you can figure a way to feed a family a balanced diet on that budget, let me in on the secret.

Pray for us.

Love,
Betty

P.S. These prices were pre-inflation days in the States and they were also pre-inflation days in India, though we didn't think so at the time! I'll have to tell you about the increases in the next book!

FEBRUARY



Dear ones,

The New World will bring many improvements, and among them (I firmly believe) will be the elimination of the limitations of language. I wouldn't pretend to know how we will communicate there, but I am sure that there will be total comprehension of thought and meaning among those who live there, and not the partial understanding and erroneous conceptions and inaccurate conclusions that result from our present attempts to communicate through words. That will be a great shedding of chains and fetters.

With that introduction you must know that I expect to fail in this letter to get across the message I really want to say. Some will reach one conclusion and others will think the extreme opposite—but, nevertheless, I will try.

Servants. India is a land of servants. To Americans this word is synonymous with luxury. To Indians it is a way of life. Our next-door neighbors have three full-time servants and two who come for only a couple of hours each day to

care for the lawn and to sweep and mop the floors. These part-time servants charge about \$4.00 each per month and they are vital because of the time-consuming work involved in caring for a lawn and flowers in Delhi's terrific heat, and because of the dust and soot in the air that necessitate mopping the floors once or twice every day. We also have a gardener and a sweeper.

When we lived in Delhi before, we did not hire anyone to help in the house, but we did not have a small baby then either. With the time involved in caring for him and teaching fourth and seventh grades to Steve, Sheila and Darla, and with the church work, there is not enough time to do all of the housework myself. As we were beginning to feel somewhat settled here, Anandi came knocking at our door one day looking for work. She wanted to be an "ayaah" (nurse for Shannon) but I don't want anyone else raising my children, so she insisted that she could also do my other work. We decided to try her. Basically Anandi has become a substitute for a washing machine, a dish washer, and other kitchen aids. The clothes do not come very clean and I sometimes wash pieces over, the dishes usually *appear* clean though they have a high mortality rate, and the food she cooks is all right. She has learned to make spaghetti, roast, French fries, beets, cold tea, and other Western foods. I am learning something of what is involved in cooking Indian dishes. She is neater about her work than many servants and the kitchen has the appearance of being clean, though the other day I saw her washing a cup by simply rinsing it in water, and another time I walked into the kitchen as she was putting away the floor rag from wiping over the floor and then she continued drying dishes without washing her hands. These things explain in part why we have had more stomach problems this time than ever be-

fore. Correction only brings a "Yes, Madam," but no change in life-long practices.

The real problem, though, with having a servant is the mental pain they cause. Indians expect servants to steal, so they keep everything locked. A close tab must be kept on glasses, dishes, cutlery, clothes — everything. And each day the food requirements are measured and given to be cooked: sugar, tea, flour, oil, rice, etc. So far I have refused to so mistrust any person in our household — if I must keep everything locked I will just not have a servant because invariably doors will be overlooked, and the servant who knows he is not trusted feels free to live up to expectations. So Anandi was hired with the understanding that we would treat her in the right way and that we expected honesty in return. I am sure she has done better than average, yet I know that certain items in the pantry go down much faster than we consume them. And this is what hurts. Do you think you would enjoy the necessity of having a person inside your house every day, with the constant mental question of that person's honesty? Whenever anything disappears and can't be found, there is always the thought: Is it only lost or was it stolen? When expensive foods seem to evaporate into thin air, have you only used more than you thought or are they being transferred little by little from your kitchen to the servant's quarters?

Not only must one live with these doubts at home, but every dealing outside the house is equally suspect. Are the vegetables weighed right? did the meat man slip a pile of bones in with the meat to make it weigh more? did the fruit man select bruised fruit for your bag? (There is nothing so disconcerting as to triumph in bargaining a price down to the right figure, only to find when you get

home that almost by sleight of hand several pieces of near-ruined produce had been pawned off on you.) Last week at the post office I gave the clerk three ten-rupee notes for the postage and he fumbled around with them, then held up two tens and a one-rupee note, saying that I did not give him enough money. I insisted that I had given him Rs. 30, and he looked very sheepish and did not argue the point but proceeded to give me my change — but I wonder how many people have been cheated in such a sly way?

It is a tiring thing to always stay “on one’s toes” — and there are too many directions to watch at once. While I am concentrating on everything I can remember to remember to concentrate on, something slips by unnoticed and, lo! I’ve been taken again!

—I have wandered from the subject of servants. Personally, I would prefer not having to depend on help from others, but from the hectic way that Wednesdays sometimes go when Anandi has her day off, and the portion of my own work that must go undone while I am doing what she usually does, I know that she is a necessity — but I wonder if we are also feeding her brother-in-law and his family and her mother and her four brothers and her two sisters and her cousins brothers—?

We love you.

Betty

FEBRUARY

Dear Ones,

When you come to visit us in New Delhi, our home is number E/10/B Defence Colony, on Ring Road. We have been here for about two months now, and I am sometimes surprised when I notice how very home-like this place feels in so short a time. The house is really a duplex, with the landlord and his family (the Sandhus; there are three children) occupying the other half. Downstairs is the kitchen, living-dining, and the room we use for worship services. Upstairs is Barbara's room and bath (which becomes the children's classroom on Sunday), the room and bath that Sheila and Darla share, and the room and bath that serves as a bedroom for J. C., Steve, Shannon and me, as well as office and study room, general place of gathering for anyone who drops in informally and the room where the adult English-speaking class meets on Sunday. Since the house faces Ring Road (the road that circles Delhi) there is always the noise and activity of traffic outside—and the two advantages are that Shannon loves to sit in his highchair to watch the commotion outside, and anyone can easily find the meeting place of the church.

We have never had a scheduled life, but we do settle down to routines which we try to prevent becoming ruts. J. C., as always, is the steady pacesetter for the whole family. He rarely gets extremely low in spirit, or extremely high—he's glad to be here; he works, he writes, he visits, he counsels, he corrects and even paddles (the kids) when necessary; he leads and we follow. I am so thankful for his strong will to persevere, and for his reaching vision that helps us all to see more than we can do.

And I am thankful, too, for his dry humor that usually is voiced in the form of a pun or a two-line snappy poem—an essential ingredient in foreign work.



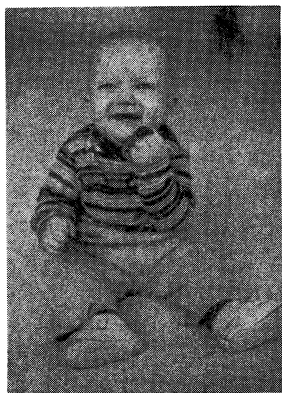
Of the children, Darla is quick to make friends and to develop close attachments. She always has a ready smile for new people and loves to converse with adults. And she has kept a steady stream of letters flowing to the States, to all the right people evidently because a good share of the in-coming mail has been hers. She has seemed too conscious of whatever has been going on around her to feel a great depth of homesickness.

Sheila is our quiet one with the shy smile among strangers, yet with the family her determination and humor come out. She visits the neighbors with Darla and Steve, does her school work, reads, and enjoys both Hindi and English music. The day we said goodby to all the folks at home she was the one who hardly felt like crying—but she has felt more loneliness and home-sickness here than any of the others of us. Last night I stopped by her bed to kiss her good night for the second time but she was already asleep, with a tear not yet dried on her cheek.



Steve carries with him his own little world of imagination, drawings, and ideas. He has tolerated school, in-

dulged in writing some fairy tales, drawn countless cartoons and pictures, laughed hilariously at comic situations on Hindi T.V. at the Sandhus', read enthusiastically most of the books within reach, fashioned a sword and cape and any number of other things from the most unlikely raw materials. This morning I walked into the bathroom to discover "Steve" stretched out on the floor: his shirt and pants laid out, with the legs tucked into his boots, and lovely paper arms and a paper head with a wide grin! I never know what to expect of him! He's the extremes of sweetness and irritation—all boy. He goes now on occasions with J. C. to meetings, and is enjoying taking part in the men's training class. So far he hasn't had much time to be homesick.



Shannon is a big boy now with two shiny teeth, and a little more blond hair than was visible last month. He scoots around everywhere in his walker, but his favorite destination is the bathroom. When we take him downtown he watches intently everything around him, with big eyes and a solemn mouth. He has adjusted, too, and is no longer frightened by strangers who reach for him.

Barbara said tonight, "Me? I feel like I've lived here forever." Before coming to India she kept wondering what she would be able to do that would be useful. Do you wonder why she never asks that question anymore? I keep daring her to say "uncle", but she hasn't yet. We are so thankful for her constant willingness to lend a hand in whatever needs to be done, and for the added happiness



we have because of her. But she hasn't yet learned to like oats for breakfast, in spite of the struggling attempts she makes.

For so many years I ignored birthdays and continued to feel only fifteen — but with our family of seven and all of the others who come and go from our house, I am feeling more like 'Mataji' everyday. The word means 'respected Mother' but my mental image is of a brood hen trying to go in twenty different directions after all her chicks!

We need your prayers.

Our love,
Betty & family

GOOD DAY GOOD DAY, HOBBIT MEN

Growing growing on their day,
Elves dancing far away.
Clouds dance and seem to say:
Good day Good day,
Hobbit men, far away
From rock and den!

Light and torch,
Pick and spade,
Troll's singing in the glade.
The hours sway and seem to fade
By the time they reach the glade.

Travel, travel, off they go
Past the valley far below.
They travel fast, they travel slow
Past the cave in the snow.

Gollum says beware, beware,
But all he does is swear and swear.
He cannot catch them now or then
Because they seldom see his den.

Growing, growing on the day,
Elves dancing far away.
The clouds dance and seem to say
Good day, Good day, Hobbit men,
Far away from rock or den!

—*Steven Choate*
March 28, 1973

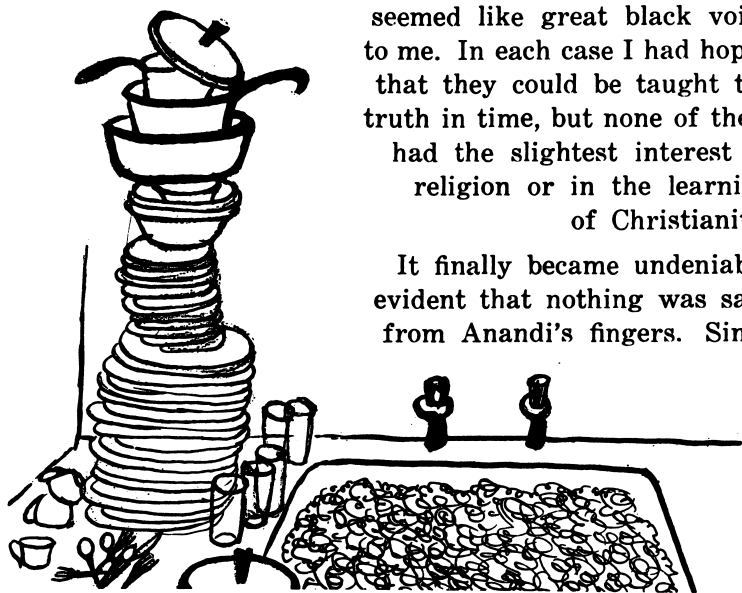
MARCH

Dear Ones,

Last month I shared with you some of the problems of having a servant in the house. During our years in this part of the world we have used several different servants. Coincidentally, the first trial in Pakistan was with a Muslim (the national religion), the first in Ceylon was with a Buddhist (again, the national religion) and the first here was with a Hindu (national religion). Neither of the three was bearable, and I think the reason was that their whole concept of thought and values was completely foreign to the law of Christ which governs my thinking. So no matter

how I tried to understand their thinking, their minds seemed like great black voids to me. In each case I had hoped that they could be taught the truth in time, but none of them had the slightest interest in religion or in the learning of Christianity.

It finally became undeniably evident that nothing was safe from Anandi's fingers. Since



petty stealing of food is expected here by everyone of their servants, I had hoped that talking to Anandi about being honest would help, but she cared nothing for the confidence we wanted to have in her; she just kept on taking more things and smoothly denying it whenever we asked her about something that was missing.

One day Sheila discovered that one of her rings was missing, then a few days later J. C. had given five rolls of film to Margaret Norton (who was visiting us) to have developed. We went out, and when we came in Margaret discovered that only four rolls of film were in her bag. No one but Anandi had been in the house so we knew she had to be the one. J. C. asked her about it, and of course she denied taking it. He insisted that she allow us to check her quarters, or if she refused we would call the police and let them check. Reluctantly, she finally consented. I discovered clothing of ours, dishes, a portion of everything we generally kept in the kitchen, a stool and a chair, a door mat, and the roll of film. Then I told her to give me Sheila's ring or we would call the police. She dug it out of a powder box and handed it over. But two cassette tapes were not to be found so she had already disposed of them, along with the other things that had filtered through her fingers during the months she had been with us.

All of us were really hurt and sorry that Anandi had been so dishonest, because we had sincerely liked her. And I think the feeling that we had wasted our love was what hurt most. But Anandi didn't care for any of that — she was only sour and angry that we had exposed her guilt, and she acted as if she thought we were in the wrong and were persecuting her without cause.

We discussed what to do with Anandi and decided to pay her what was due and to let her take her things and go. The police here are sometimes merciless in dealing with "small" people, and they are known for demanding bribes, "or else", so we didn't want to subject anybody to that possibility.

With Anandi's departure, I had a sinking feeling of despair. Even with her help, my days were full — how could we do her work too? Barbara had been declaring, "If she's a thief, let her go; I'll do the cooking." I knew Barbara didn't have the time or the experience, but I told her the job was hers! She was certainly willing to try, but since she had never prepared whole meals for a family she had to cry "help" immediately. So she and I cooked, she and the girls washed their clothes while I washed J. C.'s and Steve's and Shannon's and mine; and all four of the females took turns doing the dishes, with Steve helping some on that too.

We thought that we could manage if we all stayed on our toes and worked hard, and I knew that the experience of cooking and washing dishes and clothes would be educational for Barbara and the girls. So we decided not to try hiring another servant. But then we had guests, and after they left, more guests came, and then Shannon was sick, and then I was achy with a temperature for a couple of days, and then Barbara was sick one day — and the burden of the work got to be bigger and bigger, and the days were suffocatingly hot (up to 104) and the kids were having tests in their school work (on which they were getting further behind because I did not have enough time to work with them), and frustration was mounting because there was *no* time for church work or study or writing (not even letters to our folks) and I was so tired at night I would fall asleep in the middle of my prayer,

and I knew my whole purpose in being here was being swallowed up in work a servant could do.

But there was such peace of mind not having to wonder about whether there was a thief in the house, and the grocery bill dropped considerably as we began to realize how much of everything Anandi had been taking. So we *wanted* to manage without a servant, but my tired body and mind kept saying, "You can't—the time you are spending doing a servant's work is wasted, and important things are having to be left undone while you wash dishes". My old trouble of frayed nerves, causing my chest muscles to tighten up, resulting in a shortage of oxygen to the body and a sore chest, came back, and I felt worse than ever.

So I accepted the inevitable, and we began to think of how we could find the right servant. Sunny and the Sandhus said they would help, and they also said that we should pay only one hundred rupees to the new servant, not the one-fifty we had paid Anandi. But the servants they knew of didn't speak English, nor did they know how to prepare Western foods because servants are divided into categories here: there are those who work for Indians and those who work for foreigners. Those who work for Indians *can't* work for foreigners because of the language barrier and because they don't know Western foods; those who work for foreigners *won't* work for Indians because their hours would be from 5:00 A.M. to 10:00 or 11:00 P.M. and their pay would be much less. So our Indian friends couldn't help and we had no contact with foreigners.

The problem was solved when Samuel came knocking at the door. He is a thin old man with a fair understanding of English and a mediocre knowledge of food. His letters of recommendation were passable, declaring him to be honest, so J. C. hired him for Rs. 200 a month since

he couldn't see how a man could feed a family on less — and we will see what happens next. Maybe he can be converted.

Oh, yes, if any of you dear readers there in the States are slightly envious of our luxury of having servants here in India, please do come over and hire a few for yourself. Three or four might possibly replace your appliances at home—.

We do love you.

In Him,
Betty

* * * * *

APRIL

A DAY OFF

We had been up most of the two previous nights due to the arrival and departure of guests, but on Monday morning we were determined to stay with our plan to have the day off and make a trip to the northern part of India. Not wanting to miss any more than was necessary of our *day* off, we set the alarm for four A.M. and groggily set about making preparations to leave at five. I assembled a make-do picnic of boiled eggs, bread, peanut-butter and jelly, crackers, cheese, cookies, and a can of pineapple slices. We packed a case of cokes in ice, and filled a thermos with water. By five-thirty Ajmer, the Sikh driver (complete with turban, beard and wild daring) had arrived with the car so we swallowed the last bite of oatmeal and toast and loaded the food, diaper bag, sweaters and reading material into the car — *squeezed* ourselves in (J. C., Steve and Ajmer in the front; Sheila, Darla,



Barbara, Shannon and me in the back)—and were off!

The cost of the trip was calculated per kilometer; we took the first several dollars' worth in sleep. Once when I woke up I was smitten with the hilarious picture we made: Ajmer, driving like a machine possessed, allowing no obstacle to block his way; and all of us crammed up against each other, asleep, our heads bobbling with the swerves and bumps! Anyone seeing us would have thought we were crazy to have chosen such an uncomfortable expensive way to take a morning nap!

One by one we revived and began to notice the world around us. We passed through farming areas, flat lands where the sugar cane crop was being harvested, and saw mills for cooking the juices and making them into syrup and unrefined sugar. The smell was rich and sweet and reminded me of molasses-making days in my childhood. Villages were scattered along the road, some with straw houses, some with thick-walled mud huts. Some of the surrounding fields were being burned off and others were being plowed with yokes of bullocks in preparation for the next planting. Women with scythes cut ripened wheat, and bullocks on the threshing floors were treading out the grain. Young rice grew thick and green in small squares of irrigated fields, watered from canals that cut across the plains. A caravan of gaudy unkempt gypsies camped beside the road. Everywhere were pyramids of dung patties, sealed in with a smooth plaster of manure for safe-keeping. Herds of water buffalo plodded their slow stolid

way along, and now and then we saw a camel cart. Estate homes occasionally marked the route, and we saw a work elephant tethered under a shed at one such country place.

The road was an experience in itself. It was a good width for one way traffic, which would have been fine if everything had been going our way, but unfortunately this was not true. We tore along, taking the middle of the road as ours, Ajmer driving like the devil was behind him, the wind whipping our hair and tying it in knots, the hot air drying our mouths and noses, and we met all on-coming traffic with defiance: each vehicle on the road defied every other vehicle to stay on the pavement. We met carts, buses overflowing with people, garishly painted trucks, cyclists, people meandering along the road, and we as well as everyone else held to the middle of the road until one or the other of the contestants chickened out and moved over as far as was necessary. Sometimes Ajmer was more daring and we stayed on the road, sometimes at the last minute he swerved sharply, hitting dust and gravel, almost grazing some cyclist or truck or cane cart. The wear on strained muscles and frayed nerves would have been too much if we had not determined to relax and sway with the curves!

We drove through Dehra Dun, a dusty sleepy little town of one hundred thousand, and entered a scrub forest. The foothills of the Himalayas brought a change of scenery but no reduction of speed — Ajmer barrelled on over hills and around bends and down the road! We climbed to steeper hills, then to terraced areas on low mountains, and finally came to the hill station called Mussouri. It crowned the ridges of the mountains, with the summer homes of the wealthy commanding a view of the snow covered Himalayas in the not-too-distant Tibet. In years



In a Bazaar — Darla, Betty, Sheila, Steve, Barbara and Shannon. J. C. was making the picture!



Steep mountain streets in Ranikhet.



A picnic along the way.

past the upper layer of society spent the summer months in hill stations to escape the plains heat, but few can afford this practice these days. Many spend their vacations there, though, so they are popular resort areas. We stopped in the Municipal park to eat our picnic, and were surprised at how delicious a peanut-butter cracker could seem.

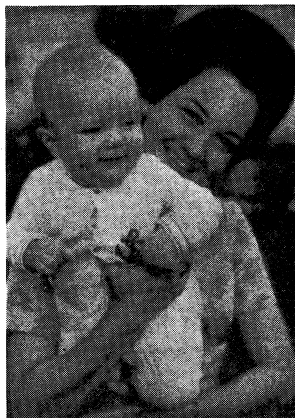
On the road again, we twisted and turned and beeped our way back down the mountain, passing traffic on curves and hills, sometimes even in the face of on-coming vehicles. If we had been driving by Indian rules on American highways, we would have been mopped up off the road before the day was over. We drove through the religious center called Rishikish where the "Beetles" once came to study Hinduism. At Hardwar, another Hindu center in which that religion is so dominant that meat and eggs are not

even allowed to be brought into the city, we stopped and walked among the worshippers on the banks of the Ganges. Leprous and maimed beggars lined the steps down to the river, and holy men sat under umbrellas meditating or speaking to small groups of followers. Men, women and children splashed and bathed, gaining "merit" in the coolness of the rapidly flowing waters. Others dipped up pots of water, pouring it slowly back into the river as they chanted prayers to the sun god, and small pots of the "holy" water were also taken home. We walked among the milling crowds, stopping to buy two of the brass pots as souvenirs, smiling at people who turned aside to admire the white skinned baby.

In the car again, we left Hardwar and drove in the soft twilight back toward Delhi. The sun filled the air with gold dust and the road became a blinding ribbon of liquid gold. As night settled, slow-moving farm carts suddenly loomed just in front of the car lights, and time and time again we narrowly missed them. By then, Steve was stretched out across Barbara and me, Sheila leaned on my shoulder, Shannon was asleep in my arms, Darla nodded against J. C.'s shoulder in the front seat, and we all bounced and bumped and jostled and longed for home and bed. E/10/B looked absolutely wonderful when we drove up to the gate at ten-thirty, and seven very tired people collected the remains of the picnic and the other odds and ends and wearily climbed the stairs to baths and bed. At the moment our thinking was that the next day *off* would be a day *in*, but I'm sure we'll decide to visit some other intriguing-sounding name on the map and off we'll go again.

Our love,

Betty



APRIL

Dear Ones,

Never are there enough hours in a day, and this month there seemed to be a great shortage of days in the month too. But you won't be surprised at my delay in writing — that's typically me.

It is one-thirty A.M. and I am running water for a cold bath.

(The temperature these days ranges from 95 to 105°, with thirsty air.) Darla is asleep; Shannon has had his mid-night snack and is asleep again; Steve was deep in J. R. R. Tolkien's world of Hobbits and Goblins and such when his eyes closed; Sheila very quietly shifted (as they say here) from her bed to mine since there is the frightening possibility of Orks (another of Tolkien's creations) invading her room during the night; Barbara is stretched out in her bed trying to go to sleep in frustrated disobedience, ignoring my insistence that she really should use these special night hours for letter writing (!); the world is mostly quiet except the rattling of the ceiling fans, the incessant traffic noise outside, and the whistle and rattle of the stick of the night-watchman who patrols our street.

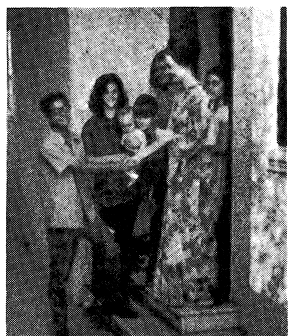
Since I had to go to the meat market this afternoon I decided to go a little early and visit the David home.—Ah!—That bath *was* refreshing!—Now let me tell you about the Davids. As you know, Sunny's father died about fourteen years ago, so Sunny is the head of the household which consists not only of his family (Jasmine and three little daughters) but also his Mother and four brothers who are

yet at home. Mama must be in her mid-fifties though she doesn't really know her age or the exact ages of her children. (Once I was asking her their various ages and she said Francis was fourteen but later in talking with Sunny about it his reply was, "With *that* mustache!" We decided he must be about seventeen, in spite of J. C.'s argument that the ferocity of the mustache is no indication of age because it seems that Indian boys are almost born with them!) Anyway, Mama is a mixture of love and humor and godliness. Since she had no daughters of her own, she adopted us all and hugs us each time we meet as though she hasn't seen us for months. Her humor comes out in her teasing remarks, half in Hindi, half in English. And instead of the more casual good-bye we practice in the West, Mama's usual farewell is a very serious "God bless you," as she places her hand on my head. She and Sunny have done a good job raising the other boys, and they have the kind of home that seems to be open to anyone anytime. Some of the Christian young men who come from Hindu families practically live there, and are treated as a part of the family.



Sampson is next to the youngest of the David boys, about sixteen years old. For the last couple of months he has spent some time each day at our house trying to teach Hindi to Barbara and me. He is a good teacher and we might really learn something if there were more time to study. As a personality, Sampson is a mixture of talent (Steve is almost envious of his art work, and he sings beautifully, and is learning to play the guitar), boldness (he listens *very* critically to Hindi mispronunciations and takes delight in giving fat zeroes for

errors), shyness (whenever he has a problem he wants to discuss, he does his best to pantomime, wanting me to speak his part of the conversation as well as mine) and little-boyishness blended with frustrated budding maturity, (he thinks he's in love for the first time and doesn't know what to do with it so he went around looking sick until I read him a comical passage from a book about the symptoms of being a "blighted being"; since then his appetite has improved, to his own relief, I'm sure. Also he is much concerned about going on to college after finishing high school, fearful that it won't be possible, and longing to find a way to bring that goal within reach). The little-boyishness first began coming out in the assignments he gave me for translation. At the top of the page would be written, "For: Mother"; at the bottom of the page was signed, "Teacher: Tito, your son". Yes — I have reached that age of filling "Mother" roles! But when he recently asked my blessing as his Mother gives, I admit I felt a little presumptuous—maybe because I don't feel very matriarchal yet! But Sampson, as well as all of the David boys, has much ability and wonderful potential in God's family. During our last gospel meeting he helped me with classes for the children and he is a 'natural' in working with small children.



Vipul Rai with the family.

While I was at the Davids, Vipul Rai came in. He seems as much a part of our family as of the David's, and probably more than of his own. Because he has lived out of India so much (his parents are in the Indian Embassy) he seems half Indian and half foreign. He is twenty years old, but usually I forget that he is not one of the kids when he gets mixed up in

the crowd of us. He enjoys Western food and is always borrowing the recipe of something he has eaten here to try out at home. He contributes a lot to the work program of the church, preaching alternately with J. C. and Sunny, teaching a Sunday morning children's class with Barbara, supervising the Sunday evening young people's meeting, teaching the adult class on Wednesday nights, and going out during the week for other visits and studies. He *ought* to devote his full time to preaching, but he is determined to support himself in the preaching so he plans to start back to school to learn "Computer Engineering". We pray that he makes the right decision.

My writing space is gone, so I'll continue this in the next letter. Thank you for writing. Your letters have been very special, and we love you.

In Him,
Betty

* * * * *

APRIL

Dear Ones,

There was no space in my last letter to tell of the other Christians: Sudakha who is in the air force and has a shy little bride who makes good rice (*she* says); Kumar who is a watchman at the plush Ashoka Hotel and whose wife was all proud happy giggles when she told me that she is expecting their second child. Kumar and Sarla were both Hindu before becoming Christians. (They have one little daughter whom they attempted to name "Betty" but everyone thought they had named her "Beti", the Hindi word for daughter, so they finally changed it to Sheema);

Preshotham, a Hindu convert, the Chanderans, a family from South India that Sunny taught; Ram Babu (from South India); Dr. Peterson (a young doctor from South India who was recently baptized); Dharam Paul, Krishna, Govindlal, and others. Besides these, there are several families of contacts that we hope to convert.



Bette Sandhus with Shannon. I couldn't write of our associates without writing of our neighbors, the Joginder Sandhus. They are about our age, and have three children with whom our children really love to play. Himmat is twelve, Annie is eleven and Michelle is nine. I have been surprised and happy that all six kids have played so much together without any friction. As for the parents, we couldn't have hoped for better neighbors or landlord than "Juggi" and Bette. We not only enjoy their visits, but they have been very helpful in countless ways. At the first, when the house was being refinished and Bette stood around sternly overseeing the work, I wondered what kind of person she would be. Since those early days we have rung the bell on each other's door so many times, sharing afternoon tea, shopping for drapery material, attending a Sikh wedding dinner, discussing children's ailments, sharing recipes and resulting goodies, meeting each other's company—we have become informal neighbors, which makes it pleasant for both of us.

Of course it is time now to be doing something about obtaining a long-term visa. When our initial visa expired, Juggi and Bette, along with his brother and his wife,

worked very hard at making contacts with people in order to get the tourist visa extended for another three months. After several days of frustrating effort, six weeks were granted, with an additional six weeks promised at the end of that time. The Sandhus plan to use that time helping us to meet people of authority who may be able to grant a visa for one year. Whether or not this is God's will remains to be seen, but if He does want us to stay here, it would seem that the Sandhus will be the tool he will use to bring it about. Already, they have been a blessing in so many ways.

J. C. and Sunny have gone to Nepal for a few days to visit the Christians there. They are supposed to come home tomorrow, and we have been working in preparation for their return. Barbara has been catching up on some proof-reading and typing of materials; I have been reading other materials for him, and writing; the kids have helped to clean the house and have completed their mid-term exams; and we have planned a menu of fried chicken, mashed potatoes, suji (wheat meal, something like corn meal; we make it into corn sticks that are *almost* as good as Mother's!) bread, etc.; followed by home-made mango ice cream! We bought an ice cream freezer last week just for this occasion and can hardly wait to try it out! As for the other preparations, the furniture in the living room has been polished and a fresh arrangement of flowers is on the table. In our room? — well, our two-dollar cane chairs and one-dollar-fifteen-cent cane book shelves never have a high sheen, no matter how I try, so I content myself with dusting the headboard of the bed and wiping out the window sills. I doubt that an interior decorator would be greatly impressed with our taste in room furnishings, but since it is familiar ol' home to J. C. he will probably



Mishie Sandhu, Steve, Ann Sandhu and Darla.
Involved in a big bazaar.

think everything looks wonderful! And you can be sure that *he* will look wonderful to us — it seems like we are hobbling along with one leg missing when he is not here.

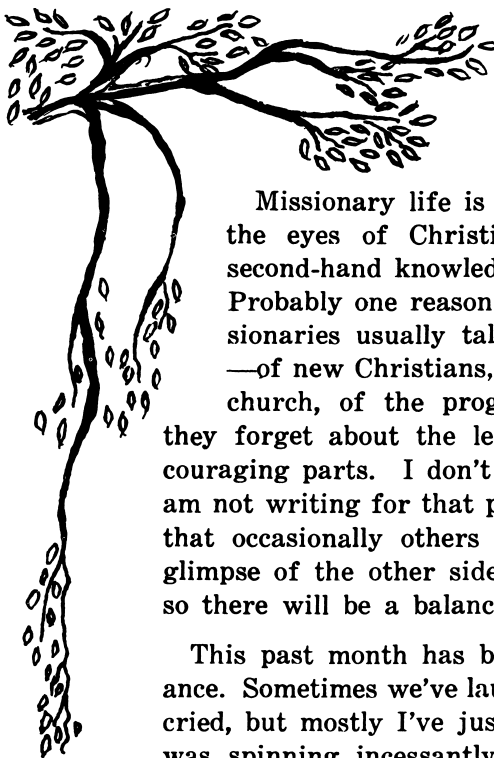
My eyes keep crossing so I'd better say "good night"—
God bless you.

Our love,

Betty

APRIL

Dear Ones,



Missionary life is often glamourized in the eyes of Christians who have only second-hand knowledge of what it is like. Probably one reason for this is that missionaries usually talk more of the work — of new Christians, of the growth of the church, of the program of work — and they forget about the less inspiring and encouraging parts. I don't like to complain and am not writing for that purpose, but I do feel that occasionally others should be allowed a glimpse of the other side of the picture, just so there will be a balance in thinking.

This past month has been a trial in endurance. Sometimes we've laughed, sometimes I've cried, but mostly I've just felt that the world was spinning incessantly on and on and on and on, and I wanted very much for it to stop and let me off for a few minutes so I could catch my breath and collect enough strength to feel like grappling with a spinning existence again.

April has been wrapped in a heavy blanket of heat. When I wake in the mornings my nose and mouth are dry from the hot air the fan has been blowing all night. I get up, feeling the increase in temperature at head-height in the room, and go downstairs to make breakfast. The air of the whole house feels thick and heavy, like a physical thing. The paper reports that maximum temperature was 108° or 112° or some such degree, the minimum around 80°.

(May and June will grow steadily worse with temperatures up to 115° - 118°) but I know the house was much hotter than the night air outside. In spite of closing windows and drapes against the heat, all day the drying hotness is there, radiating from the furniture, blowing from the fans. Going outside to hang up clothes or standing in the blinding sun and slowly parching waiting for a taxi leaves one feeling withered. Prickly heat rash — incessant stinging and itching all over — can be one result of the heat. Most days we have throbbing headaches and burning, itchy eyes because of the heat and dust combined. Some days are still and the air is stifling; other days we have wind which increases the normal filtering of dust to near-storm proportions and the dust and heat combine to fill one's eyes and nose and lungs with suffocation. And left behind is a dirty coat on everything so that the whole house feels contaminated, and I have the urge to take a hose and wash it all down from ceiling to the floor. But we dust instead, merely moving the fine powder from one surface to another. And the heat goes on. Night comes and in the back of my mind is the unfounded thought that a cooling off time is at hand, but even with the windows and drapes opened the air remains heavy and we remark over the increased intensity of the heat in the stair-well, and the even greater intensity in our bedrooms upstairs. Midnight or one o'clock bring bedtime, but the mattresses radiate warmth and perspiration soon has the pillow wet. Sleep is a fitful longing for time to get up so that there can be relief from the bed.

One day of parching heat is an experience; even two days can be endured; and really maybe the heat is not the defeating thing after all, but the realization that it will go on and on and on. Waking up to the heat, living in it all day, fighting for sleep at night, knowing that to-

morrow will be the same and tomorrow night will be as hot, and the next day may be worse, and the next day worse, and next month worse—living becomes a mental struggle to exist. Every move is made against the opposition of overpowering heat, and the body and mind and spirit and nerves are worn down to exhaustion by the sheer lack of relief from the torment.

Against that background, put all the little and big ups and downs: day after day of dealing with the kids' school work when I know that they are almost too dispirited to study; worrying with fixing some kind of meal three times a day with the seasonal foods and shortage of certain food and the prices of foods to contend with, in addition to bugs and worms being in anything that bugs and worms usually invade in the heat; trying to manage for enough cool water and ice in a small half-effective refrigerator and failing miserably because the ice hardly freezes overnight, so there can be no cooling "something" for the kids to look forward to in the afternoons; bending over buckets of dirty clothes in the bathroom every day until I can hardly straighten my back when the wash is finally ready to put on the line; dreading to go out in the heat to the market—.

The days follow on the heels of each other, full, barely enough time to get everything done—but I am managing to keep my nose above water though I feel very defeated in getting so little done besides the bare essentials. Then one evening Shannon begins vomiting. He is sick all night, crying and vomiting in the sweltering heat, and we decide the next morning that we should take him to the doctor since the kapectate doesn't seem to be helping any. We make the hot trip to the Holy Family Hospital and see Dr. Singh, the pediatrician there. She says he has gastroenteritis, (vomiting, diarrhea, fever caused by the heat,

or so everyone says). She gives him medicine and we go home. All afternoon he feels miserable and cries and wants to be held. In the night he begins to run a temperature, and though the vomiting has almost stopped, he begins to have diarrhea. Every drink of water or other liquids is refused because he has had to take so much medicine. As the evening progresses his diarrhea worsens and we decide to take him to the Safdarjang hospital which has been recommended as having an excellent emergency section. We get a taxi in the dead of night and go to the hospital only to be sickened by the sprawling un-hospital look of the whole thing. The smell of disinfectant is missing and it appears to be simply a dirty hot crowded place where people are crammed into beds and given some sort of treatment. We answer questions for a form at one desk and are directed to the children's ward. There, bed after bed is filled with babies and children suffering from dehydration because of gastroenteritis. They lie still and sleeping under the hot fans, with glucose drip in their arms, and a parent—usually the father—squatting on the end of the bed. A baby in very serious condition is brought in, so the doctor is pre-occupied with him. Shannon lies in my arms, waiting. Another thin, tiny baby is brought in, coughing so frequently that there is no time for breathing and I wonder how it can *live* with no oxygen coming into its lungs. Its eyes roll back into its head and it struggles, waving its arms and legs weakly. I can hardly keep from reaching out in an impulsive effort to do *something* to help it live. And I wonder that the nurses are very calmly filling out forms and weighing the baby and checking its temperature with a thermometer they have simply rinsed under the faucet.

Shannon's turn finally comes and the doctor fills out information on him, writes the name of medicine on the

same sheet and gives it to us. We turn away, glad to be leaving such a depressing place. Further thought convinces us that the danger of dehydration is too great a risk so we resign ourselves to taking him to the Holy Family Hospital. We find three emergency patients being treated, so we wait, watching the doctors work over a baby who is having a convulsion. I decide that my nervous system wouldn't allow me to be a doctor or a nurse. Finally, a young intern sees Shannon and suggests that he be admitted to the hospital for observation and treatment. A private air-conditioned room and three days of medicine check the gastroenteritis so that Shannon is dismissed.

Home again—and the heat has grown worse in our absence. Steve is crying with a stomach ache and vomiting every few minutes. Barbara, who has been chief cook in my absence, is also sick with a sore throat and nausea. It is time to cook lunch, Shannon is crying, Steve is calling for me to hold his head, the clothes are piled up and must be washed, the usual coat of dust covers everything and the floor feels hot and gritty underfoot. The air feels hot and heavy on the skin. I want to cry, but what's the use? Will it make Shannon cry less, or help Steve's head and stomach or make the heat and dust go away or help me feel any less defeated? I am convinced that Satan is raising opposition in a determined effort to destroy us and I answer him a defiant *no*. In my weakness and defeat I have a long talk with God, and we both know that Satan won't win, but right now all of the obstacles have left me worn down. I am tired, tired, tired with the struggle to live. Where is the time or energy for the work or for writing or for helping anyone else or for being any kind of inspiration to others or for time to be with the kids? Everything I have is consumed in just trying to exist. I feel so empty inside that I am sorry for anyone to see me

when I have nothing to give, and I am so glad that all the people who believe me to be strong can't see how weak and defeated I feel. So, I cry anyway on J. C.'s shoulders, feeling guilty to add my own misery to his concern and the responsibility he has toward the work and the church in addition to us. And, as always, he bolsters my courage and dries my tears so I have the heart to get up and try again.

I know the defeat is not final: there can be no depth without heights around it, and I know I'll walk the heights again. Only it would be so much easier to reach them if the world would stop a minute to let me rest and to give me time for God to talk to me more through His word and for me to have longer talks with him. Lately it seems that no prayer has gone uninterrupted, and at night I am so tired I often fall asleep while I am praying. So at a time when I desperately need the closer fellowship with God, I am pulled and pressed in so many other directions that I feel myself growing weaker and weaker.

We decide to call a neighborhood pediatrician for Steve and Barbara and he prescribes medicine, but Steve continues to vomit all night and the next day. By evening he is feeling a little better, and Barbara is better too, so I hope we are on the road to better days. I give him his medicine faithfully and after five doses discover that it carries a strong warning: "Warning — Serious and even fatal blood dyscrasias are known to occur after the administration of chloramphenicol . . . It is essential that adequate blood studies be made during treatment with the drug. While blood studies may detect early peripheral blood changes, such as leukopenia or granulocytopenia, before they become irreversible, such studies cannot be relied upon to detect bone marrow depression prior to development of aplastic anemia." The mental burden of such a

risk is too great so I take him to the Hospital to see the doctor there and to have blood tests made. Dr. Singh says that even though Chlorostrep is commonly used in treatment of Indians, people with white skins are more likely to suffer side effects from it so she never prescribes it for foreigners. I wonder why any doctor would prescribe such medicine without explaining the possible dangers and without making tests to be sure that that particular medicine was necessary.

Steve and Shannon progress toward being well, but Barbara continues to feel nauseated, and Sheila falls and sprains her ankle, and the heat and dust are ever-present. The kids try to beat the heat by sleeping on and under wet sheets at night. During the day they spray their clothes with water or sit to do their studies with their feet in a bucket of water. From nine until five each day there is no cold water in the faucets upstairs, but we have hot water as long as the water pump works. Of course we unplugged the water heaters long ago, but they still run hot water because they are supplied by tanks on the roof. Sometimes the power goes off and stays off for hours, leaving us without even the doubtful comfort of a fan to circulate hot air.

We joy in small happinesses — an occasional half-frozen coke at midnight (and we felt as bereft as the rest of Delhi when Coke recently went on strike for about a week), or making ice cream and inviting the Sandhus or various ones of the church to share it with us. On the hot nights the Sandhus have insisted that we come over and sleep in an air conditioned room at their house because Mrs. Sandhu felt so sorry for Steve when he was sick and she saw him covered with a wet cloth. For two weeks we have tried to get a cooler of some kind installed so that at least one room of our house will be bearable, but re-

peated trips and phone calls have so far resulted only in promises of delivery — maybe soon there will be some relief though.

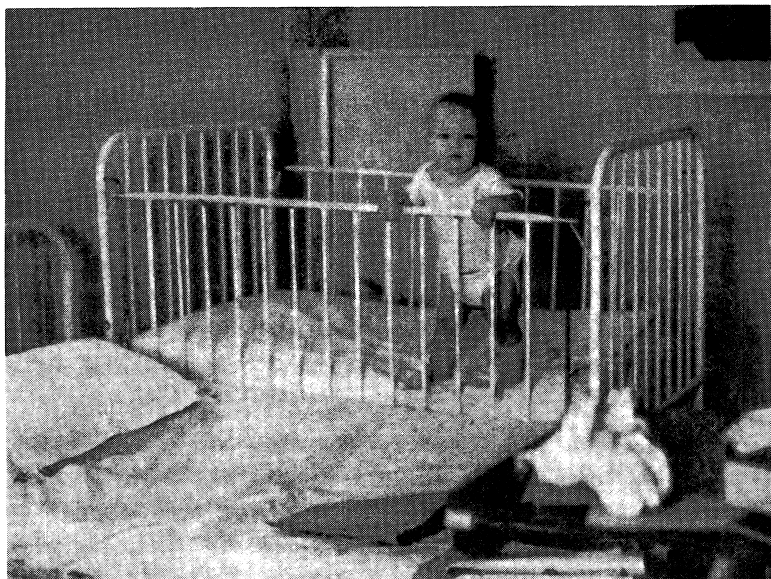
In the middle of our misery we look around us and see the people who have no electricity to occasionally go off, no fan to blow hot air, no water tap at home but only the one public faucet of the area where they have to stand in long lines in the sun for a pot of water, no fare for a taxi so they walk or wait for hours for a crowded bus, no occasional freezer of ice cream, no hope of relief of any kind from the heat. More than one hundred have already died in this heat wave—.

Always when the present circumstances are unhappy, the natural reaction is "escapism"—and our thoughts turn toward home. While Steve was sick, but well enough to want more food than was allowed on his diet, he said, "Mother, do you know what I wish?" "What?" "I wish I could be at home." "Why, Steve?" "Because it's time for strawberries and about time for Mama's green apples—and I wish I could play in my room at home, and that Kim could come to see me." All the little things, the little blessings, of home become precious when they are far away.

So we indulge in memories for awhile and then remind ourselves that we didn't leave that world because this one is better, and we didn't come here because it is easy, but we came because we are needed and because there is work to do. In spite of the obstacles and opposition and discouragement we can see that the church is making progress and none of us would be willing to say, "Enough. I'm giving up and going home."

* * * * *

I am sure you are sick of my complaining. I detest writing such a letter but I feel that it is needed for two



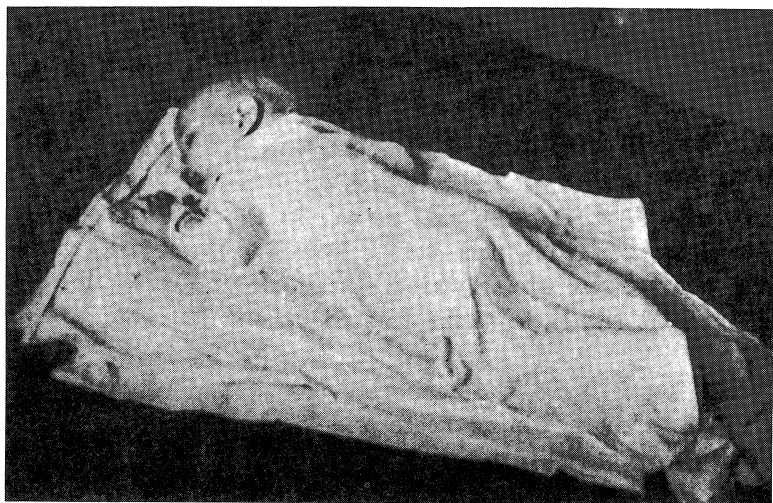
reasons. First, those who are potential missionaries need to know that even on the mission field such low points come, when the weight of a feather is too great a load to bear. If they know that this is normal and a part of adjustment to living in another country, maybe it will help them to overcome the worst of the trials. And, second, those who stay at home need to know how desperately missionaries need their concern and prayers. Who knows to what depths we might fall if you there at home did not undergird our weakness with the strength of your prayers?

Will you?

In Him,
Betty



The Holy Family Hospital, with three-wheeled scooters parked in front.



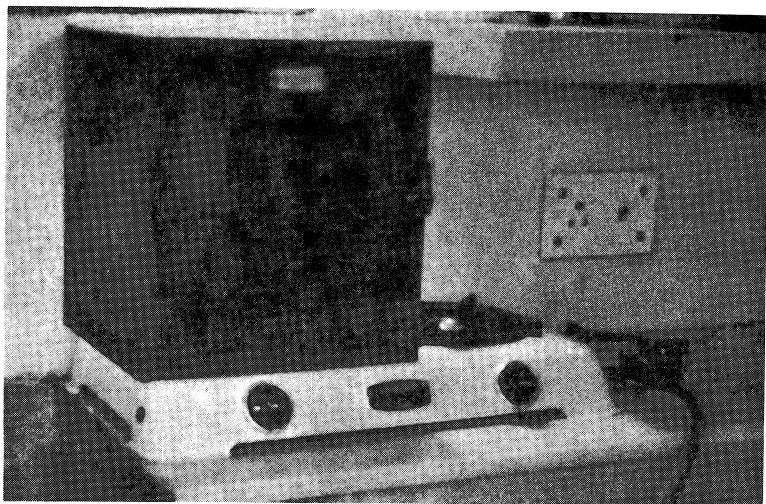
Keeping Shannon cool under a wet diaper.

**E-10-B**

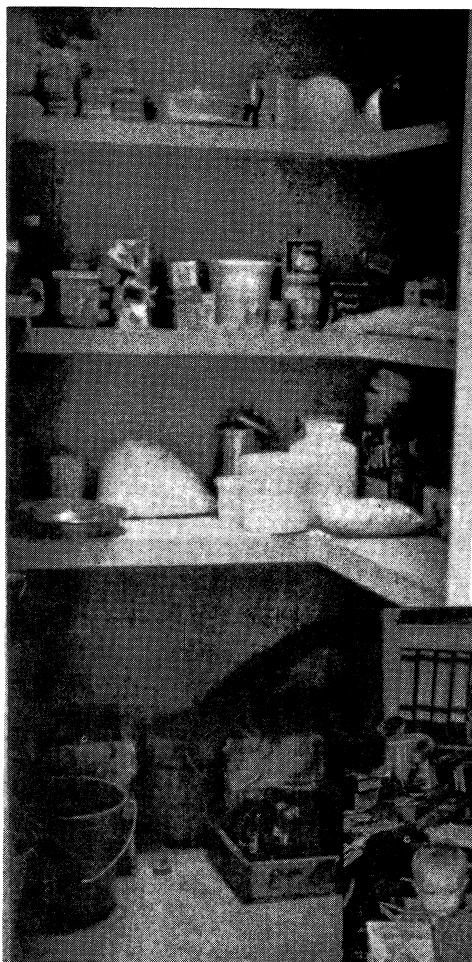
As you can see from the sign on the wall, this is our present home in India.

The wall surrounding it is typical of all houses in this part of the world. Inside, there is a small yard in front, bordered by flower beds in which grow portulaca, petunias, zinnias, phlox, dahlias, and roses. In the back is another yard, about 8' x 10', and clothes lines for the clothes. Also there is a large underground storage tank for water, and a pump to lift it to tanks located on the flat roof of the house.

The house is built of concrete blocks and plaster, with the living room, dining room and kitchen downstairs, and three bedrooms upstairs. The lower room with the four large windows is reserved for the church, is furnished with folding chairs, and would seat about 50. Our living-



Our
gas
stove,
with
and
without
the
oven.



**The
Pantry**

**The "Office";
bedroom,
School room,
nursery,
etc.
etc. . . .**



dining room opens onto the room for worship, and we set it up with chairs to handle the over-flow during worship periods. We had simple bare essentials made to furnish the living room: a couch and two chairs, coffee table and two end tables, a table with six chairs and a "side-board".

The kitchen is unusually nice by Indian standards because it has built-in cabinets and a water heater. (This is the first time we've had hot water in the kitchen in any of our "foreign" homes, and we've tried something different: In times past we've boiled all of our drinking water for twenty minutes, but some months ago I read an article in Holiday magazine concerning the findings of a doctor who did tests on drinking water throughout West Africa. He found that water kept standing in a heater for several hours had undergone the same process as pasteurized milk and was therefore safe to drink. We have

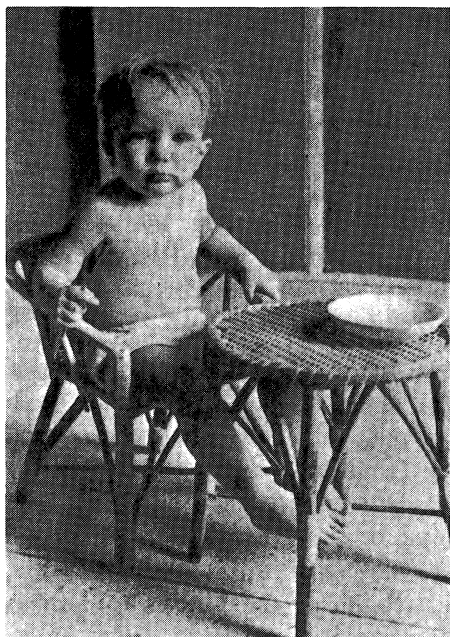


tried his suggestion and have not so far suffered any repercussions. We catch the day's supply of drinking water first thing in the morning after it has been in the heater all night. This saves both fuel and frustration! Our stove is a two-burner hot plate connected to a small butane tank—which runs out at *very* inopportune times and leaves us stranded sometimes for hours with no way to cook the food. When we want to bake

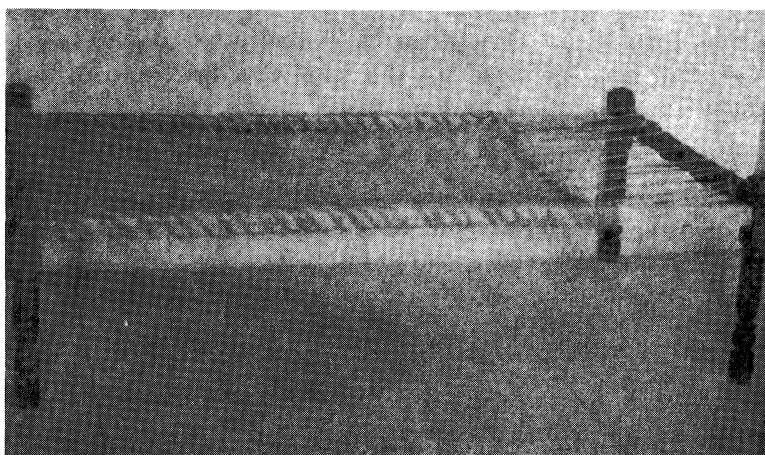
something we set an elaborate \$5.00 metal box over one burner and let it collect all of the heat possible. We then hesitantly commit our expensive ingredients for pie or cake or biscuits to its unpredictable care, and hope for the best. I have learned that a spoon placed "just so" under the right corner will make a cake a little less lopsided, and I am working on learning to guess at regulating the temperature. Last week I baked a chocolate cake that wasn't too badly burned on the bottom, and it *did* rise beautifully. Well, maybe "fairly well" would be a better description, but it didn't *fall*.

Our bedrooms are equipped with closets (another coveted feature in houses here), and have terrazo floors that are indestructible but are awfully hard to keep clean. We could have bought any kind of furniture since whatever we chose had to be made. We decided to spend as little as possible on the bedroom furnishings. In the girls' room two charpois (\$3 each), two cane chairs (\$1.85 each), one metal folding table (\$6.50), and one cane table (\$1.10) are the furnishings. Barbara's room is furnished similarly. Ours has the improvement of twin beds covered by cotton mattresses over boards; they are rather lumpy. J. C. and I both have desks: a folding metal table each. There are also cane bookshelves (\$1.10 each), cane chairs, baskets for magazines. I have the luxury of a rocking chair (\$25) for Shannon—*goi bat nahin* that it is loose now at every joint!

We do have western-type bathrooms, complete with sinks, tubs, commodes, and running water most of the time. I especially like the terrazo floors in the bathrooms because they can be washed down with an abundance of water and disinfectant and not suffer any damage. In the middle of each bathroom stand our washing machines—handy buckets full of soaking clothes!



Shannon's
little
table
and
chair.



A Charpoi — the typical Indian bed.

During this hot season one of the most vital parts of our house is the crude looking cooler system we have had installed in a window over the staircase. It is similar in concept to those used in California and West Texas, and is very effective in making the whole house bearable. During our first spell of extremely hot weather, three in the family became sick. This past week the temperatures soared again but we were able to go on with our work without giving the weather a second thought. *That* was an accomplishment I was *really* thankful for!

Yes, we can buy Indian-made strainers, can openers, knives, dishes (good quality is expensive) glass (poor quality is still not very cheap) pots and pans (not very good) plastic glasses and bottles (that have a horrible odor for a long time) plastic bags; sheets, towels, placemats and tablecloths; clothes pins and line; walkers for babies, and other toys; very expensive electrical things such as heaters, toaster, iron, blender, etc. Some of the larger appliances (television sets, turn-tables, refrigerators) are also available, at very high prices. A car can be bought if one has a long-term visa. Otherwise, taxis and other public transportation are as close as the highway in front of our house—and a short or long wait, as the case may be.

We have no telephone (but if we did the bill would be around \$30 a month and half of the calls would be wrong numbers), our electric bill is about \$25 a month, and we have not yet received a water bill.

Does this answer a few of your questions about living conditions and housing in Delhi?



An Idol.

MULAVANA

In the village of Mulavana in Southern India, dusk settled over the slow-plodding water buffalo and the tired farmers. The smell of boiling rice began to drift up from the open courtyards of the thatched huts. Children left their play and ran home in answer to their Mothers' calls. But one mother listened in vain for the flying feet of her little six-year-old boy. Her loudest call brought no answer in the familiar shrill voice that she waited expectantly to hear. With a mother's tired disgust over childish pranks she went to look for the naughty boy. One after the other she searched in all of his usual hiding places, but each one was empty. No one had seen her boy, and no one knew where he might be.

Finally, there was no place left to look except the temple of Durga, the Hindu goddess of destruction. With her red tongue lolled out of her blue face, and her necklace of ghastly heads of men, she looked more like a demon than a goddess, but because people feared her power she had many worshippers in the village and throughout India. The priest of this particular temple was a near relation, so the worried mother hurried to the temple, expecting to find the boy hiding there as a fine joke on his mother. To her surprise, the priest would not even allow her to go inside the temple.

More worried than ever, the anxious woman went home, telling her neighbors that she could not find her son anywhere and that the priest would not open the temple doors so she could search there for him.

Uneasy with suspicion, the neighbors went en masse to the temple and forced the doors open, over the loud protests of the priest. A sickening sight met their eyes:

Durga had been freshly bathed in blood, and blood covered the altar of sacrifice.

The police discovered a newly planted banana sapling and, digging into the soft earth, they found the body of the missing little boy. The priest had made a sacrifice to propitiate an angry goddess, beheading the boy with an axe and pouring his blood over her hideous body.

* * * * *

This news report appeared in *The Times of India* on May 30, 1973.

* * * * *

Sometimes Christians want to believe that God will not condemn those who live in ignorance of Him. And it is often said that people of other religions seem as happy and contented and as peaceable within as Christians. I would ask of these some questions:

- Was it *internal* peace that demanded human blood for the appeasement of a goddess' anger?
- Is it *happiness* that this lonely mother will feel for the rest of her life when she thinks of her little boy?
- Will contentment come to those who are still in ignorance of the only sacrifice that can ever cleanse sins?

In this world there are more Mulavanas than you would ever imagine, and most of them have never heard of salvation. Their people live in fear, slaves to evil superstitions. Do you want the story of this mother and her son to be repeated again and again in ignorance? Are you doing anything to prevent it? The power of God is in His Word, and that is in *your* hands . . . The road to Mulavana begins in your heart, at your door . . .

No one heard a little boy's helpless cries; few heard the anguished cries of his mother. Who will hear the cries of the worshippers of Durga throughout eternity?

APRIL

Dear Ones,

Sometimes I am sure I am the worst person in the world to complain. The heat gets so oppressive, I feel tired to the bone, I'm lonely and convinced I'm neglected, I am worn out with "making-do".

Often I feel that I am looking in a mirror when I read of the murmuring of the Israelites. In their place I would likely have been caught up in the whining too. And just as God had constantly to teach them the lessons of gratitude, He also has to open my eyes anew.

We felt that we had been working very hard and that a few days of rest would be good for us. On the way to the mountains we passed a colony of people living in hundreds of concrete pipes that were piled along the roadside for the laying of a future sewage main. Looking at their world, I recalled complaints I had made about "inconveniences" and "inadequacies" in our house. And as we felt ourselves whipped to chapped leather by the hot wind, I noticed some "tent" homes by the side of the road, made of flattened tar drums. My insides withered at the mental realization of the hotness of living in one of those "houses".

My nose says I've developed an allergy to dust, and I get tired of sitting at my desk trying to work and having constantly to reach for a handkerchief. But the complaints died in my throat as we passed numerous crude rock-crushing industries and saw the muffled men at work in the baking sun. As though enduring shadeless 115° heat was not enough, the air was thick with rock dust, the men's heads and faces swathed around with dust-caked rags to



A house —

filter as much as possible of the smothering death that would cake their sweaty bodies and chafe their eyes and choke their noses and throats and would destroy their lungs. Our car took us quickly down the road, but the image of their misery was engraved on my mind.

Everywhere along the way extensive repairs were being made on the road. Rarely was there heavy machinery. Most of the work was done by hand, by young boys and old grandfathers, by women of all ages too. Every gang of workers had on its fringes several two- and three-year old children who were baby-sitting for themselves because their mothers were among the laborers. One figure caught my eye in particular as we drove by: a baby whose hair standing in every direction reminded me of our baby's flying whisps — but this baby's hair was matted and unbrushed, and he was tied in a sling across his mother's back. All day long the two together plodded back and forth on the work site, lifting heavy baskets of rock to be balanced on the mother's head and carried to where they were needed. With the ease of life that my baby



People along the roadside.

and I have, I felt ashamed that I had ever complained for either of us.

Finally we reached the hill station and I was happy that my conscience could rest awhile: no more lessons in store — only a nice holiday. But Simla is a mountain city, built terrace on terrace at the top of the mountain range. And there are few roads open to vehicular traffic. We had to walk, ourselves, up and down the long steep grades to wherever we wanted to go. Shannon seemed heavy in our arms until we noticed a man nearly buried by the crushing load of wood strapped to his back. And there was a man bent double under five cases of Coca Cola bottles. Our butane gas cylinders are so heavy I cannot clear one from the floor, but we marveled at the man who was picking his way up the mountain road with two of those cylinders belted to his back. Another man's burden was



A cattle fair —

two full-sized drums. Coolies vied with each other for the privilege of lugging heavy suitcases, three and four high on their heads, up the mountainside to the various hotels. And as we looked up and up we realized with a feeling of dismay that the brick and cement and wood of every building there had been hauled up those steep grades on human backs, every piece of furniture sat in its place at the cost of human muscle and grit, every bit of merchandise and produce in the shops represented human agony to get it there. I felt oppressed and surrounded by insufferable burdens being borne, and I wanted to get away.

In the stillness that night after we had gone to bed, the pictures we had seen all day flooded through my mind again. I could feel their miseries — day after day after relentless day of misery, and not even the release of death or the hope of heaven to look forward to. And I knew that that was the saddest part of all: no one cared for their poor damned souls.

MAY

Dear Ones,

As a Christian living in this world of Hindus and Muslims and denominational churches, I realize that in a very vivid way we stand as Paul stood when he said that God "hath given to *us* the *ministry of reconciliation*" (2 Cor. 5:19), and Paul worked, "Giving no offence in any thing, *that the ministry be not blamed*: But in all things *approving* ourselves as the ministers of God, in much *patience*, in *afflictions*, in *necessities*, in *distresses*, in *stripes*, in *imprisonments*, in *tumults*, in *labours*, in *watchings*, in *fastings*; by *pureness*, by *knowledge*, by *long-suffering*, by *kindness*, by the *Holy Ghost*, by *love unfeigned*, by the *word of truth*, by the *power of God*, by the *armour of righteousness* on the right hand and on the left, by *honour* and *dishonour*, by *evil report* and *good report*: as *deceivers*, and yet *true*; as *unknown*, and yet *well known*; as *dying*, and, behold, we *live*; as *chastened*, and not *killed*; as *sorrowful*, yet always *rejoicing*; as *poor*, yet *making many rich*; as *having nothing*, and yet *possessing all things*." (2 Cor. 6:3-10) Since Paul used these points for measuring himself to be sure that he did not bring blame upon the ministry God had given to him, I like to read the words slowly, deeply, allowing the full meaning of each one to sink into my conscience. It hurts to compare so unfavorably with the standard. Though a multitude of patience is needed here, and we try to live lives of pureness and love and watching, and though we labour in the word of truth, we have not yet found ourselves in necessities and stripes and imprisonments and tumults because of the ministry God has put in our care. Is it because we lack

Paul's boldness in our ministry, or is God sparing us because we could not bear such trials?

I wonder sometimes how all of us must appear when God looks out across the world. How often is His heart gladdened by the sight of a soul like Job's, one that is turned wholly to God and wholly away from Satan's deceiving tongue? (Job 1:8) How often does He see a man in whom He can have full confidence, as with Abraham, that he will raise his children with wisdom and godliness? (Gen. 18:19) How often does He feel indignation and anger because men teach other men error that becomes a wall separating them from Himself? (Matt. 23:15; 15:9) How often does he echo Jesus' moans over Jerusalem's indifference when He sees so many who have marked Him out of existence in their lives? (Matt. 23:37).

To me, the story of the rich young man who came to Jesus is one of the saddest in the scriptures because of the silent tears that are a part of it. There is not much elaboration, but I can feel a little of what Jesus felt when He looked at the young man and loved him, so my heart aches with Jesus as the boy turns away with hanging head. And I wonder if people bring the same sorrow to His heart today when they come to Him saying that they want to follow him and yet they turn away when His word asks them to do things they are not willing to do; or when we are so indifferent toward Him that our consciences have to *make* us read a little of His letter on rare occasions; or when we mean well but we get so involved in the mechanics of living that there is no time for talking to Him or talking to others about Him. How often God must have tears in His heart when He looks at our apathy. How often must He long to overlook our stubbornness and lack of active love for Him and to pardon us anyway

because He knows the place that is prepared for Satan and his followers. But He is bound by His word, just as we are.

In order to help us know Him better and to draw us closer to Him, the kids and I have begun reading the New Testament through, reading that instead of other books whenever we sit down to rock Shannon or have a few minutes of spare time. We are reading quickly but we are trying to pay close attention to the over-all message, and our goal is to put more of His word to work in our lives.

I always like to share good things, so I thought you all might want to read along with us too. And I would love to know when you have completed the entire New Testament and what striking new lessons you learned in the process! Would you share with us?

Our love in Him,
Betty

* * * * *



A casual sort of
school room for Steve.

MAY

Dear Ones,

We are presently in the last agonies of the school year. Do you remember our rather disorganized beginning last September? Would you like to know the details of our progress?

Calvert courses consist of books, paper, pencils and other

necessary supplies, a manual which gives daily assignments and instructions on each subject, and eight tests which are mailed to Baltimore, Maryland for correction and grading. We completed one section of lessons, including the tests, and were half finished with the second set when good judgment got the better of me and I had to admit that we could not possibly do justice to the assigned work in the midst of "Thanksgiving" company and the seemingly endless work of preparing to leave for India. So we packed the three sets of books in three bright yellow bags and kept them in heavy readiness for our departure.

We arrived in India the last of December, but it was almost one month before things were well enough settled to begin school work again, which meant that we had lost nearly three months of time.

It seems to me that we have worked against nearly every kind of obstacle. One or more of us have been sick almost since our arrival, and naturally the studies are hampered when either the student or the teacher cannot attend to the lessons. We have had outside guests off and on, and naturally there must be holidays when visitors are present—how can Mother be so rude as to neglect the guests or the meals for them? And neighbors or Christians come to visit so we must put their feelings above the need for doing schoolwork. Sometimes Steve has to go with J. C. for a hair cut. Other mornings I have groceries to buy; preparation of food has interfered a lot with this teacher's constancy on the job.

In the beginning of our work here in Delhi, all three children studied in our bedroom. But Darla and Sheila kept begging to be permitted to study in their bedroom, feeling sure they could do better work. Sheila prefers

music in her background; it tends to distract Steve. Books have replaced T.V. and demand attention whenever my back is momentarily turned (it seems).

Trying to oversee and correct work being done in two different rooms was frustrating. Darla spent too much time dozing or day-dreaming; Sheila would raise a guilty nose out of a book whenever I went to check on them; Steve brought elaborate drawings of Orks and dinosaurs and such to show me. A lesson that should have been completed in three hours was haggled over the whole day, and five days of all-day school each week was *no* fun for me.



Because of visitors dropping in during prime school hours, I decided to move all of the studies to the girls'

room and close the door behind us (including Shannon), with a sign posted outside: "Sorry. School is in session." I hoped we could use this businesslike arrangement to avoid so many interruptions, but when others came over I didn't have the heart to enforce it. Often it was I who was called out of the room, and in my absence there would be an oral composition for Steve to make, Sheila would need to go over certain exercises in grammar with me, and Darla would become convinced that the math answer book was wrong because she was getting an entirely different answer. With all three unable to continue school work, they would have happily settled down to a pleasant

diversion by the time I returned, and rounding them up and getting all three on the move again left me with the same feeling I have when I stand on a sandy beach and feel the waves wash the sand from under my feet: they seemed ever-elusive, impossible to pin down and to keep in place.

Of course the times when half of my attention had to be on the preparation of meals or on scrubbing out the ever-present tub of clothes, or feeding and caring for Shannon, etc., etc., have not helped to make the studies any better organized either.

During the year we've begun any number of reforms, in order to make our school really "business-like", but they have all been defeated: either our schedule is faulty, or I am woefully lacking in organization. During these last sixty lessons I have decided that since I can't organize anything, I will let the children do their own organizing. Instead of trying to keep them all on the same lesson number, I have freed them to work at their own pace. I check written work, and listen to oral work, but the greater part of the responsibility for doing the lessons is theirs. They review for tests, then I review them briefly, and they are responsible for taking the test, and readying their papers to be sent in. Their grades have dropped some since I am not checking behind them saying, "Be sure you do this . . ." and, "Have you checked this?", etc. I hope that poorer grades will teach them greater responsibility and independence, two points that are most likely to become weak in home studies.

Admittedly, this is not the best way to educate a child, and few missionaries attempt it. Sometimes I, myself, wonder if we are sacrificing our children's educations, and thereby crippling their usefulness, for the sake of the work

here. I suppose only time will answer those questions. But, for now, without the assurance of long term visas, we have the choice of staying in the States or of studying by correspondence courses. Later, if we get the new visas, we will have the choice of spending \$2000 per child per year to send them to the American school here, or correspondence courses. In any of these cases, I don't see much choice.

Love,

Betty

* * * * *

Dear Ones,

Our days, even our lives, often are centered around our children and the challenges of rearing them. We want them to have the very best that we can give them, not only in material things but in their preparation to live. We see to it that they are trained scholastically, that they receive driver education, that they learn how to work at things they can do at home, that the girls develop in sewing and cooking — but I wonder if we are looking ahead enough to realize that the precious treasures we are shining and polishing and protecting so carefully now will soon find themselves in the middle of a very different kind of world. Are we preparing them to live in it, and are we putting forth any real effort to prepare it to receive them?

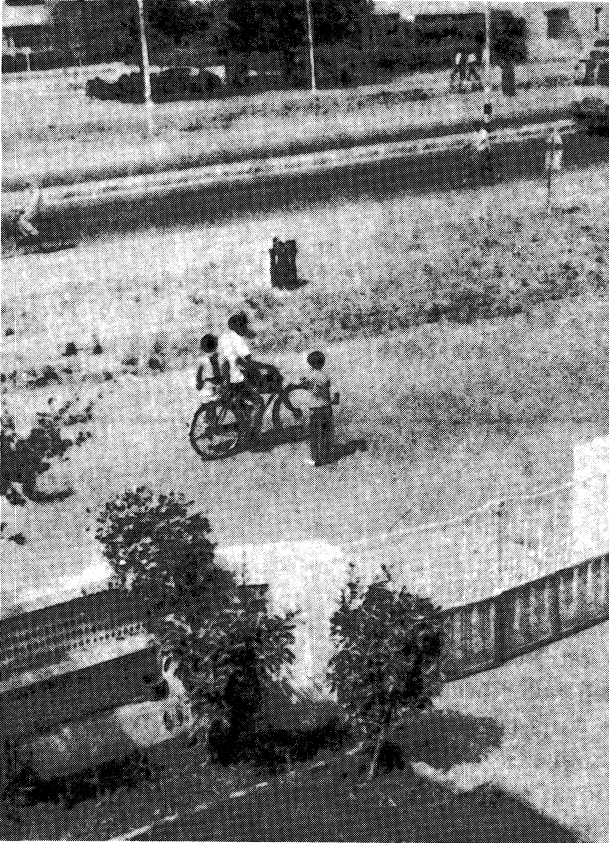
While we are educating and training our children in every other area, how thoroughly are we teaching them God's directions for living? Are we developing their home-life pattern so that it will include personal and family Bible study? Are we discussing with them worldly at-

titudes and practices as opposed to God's laws so that they can really know what is right and wrong in the world? Are we equipping them with ground-in knowledge to combat the atheism and infidelity they will meet in many of their teachers, especially if they go to State schools for their higher education? Are we training them in handling the scriptures and in personal visitation and in using their abilities in public worship and Bible classes so that they can be active as adult Christians? Are we giving them enough, spiritually, that they can survive in a hostile world when they have to face it on their own? At a time when half of the children of Christian parents grow up to fall away from Christ we need urgently to check critically on ourselves to see if we are short-changing our children in the one area that is most important of all.

And I wonder, too, how we would feel if we had to take our young people from the protected atmosphere of our homes and drop them down in the middle of Sodom or Gomorrah? Could we bear to see them surrounded by evil — by danger on every side, by hatred, by violence, by corruption and greed, by perversion, by promiscuousness, by lying and stealing, by murder and by riotousness? No, the world is not so evil as that yet, but do you know that we are in grave danger of seeing those days, that such a society may be the heritage we leave for our children?

Every iota of goodness that exists in the world is there as a result of God's influence among men. To the degree that His law is allowed to govern a soul or a nation or the world, to that very degree evil is pushed out by goodness easing in to fill the vacuum. Whenever we look at a totally degenerate person, we know that he is what he is because God has not been allowed to influence his life at all. In the world today we have several whole nations that are governed by a system that declares there is no

God. Not every one in those places has given up his faith or its controlling principles yet, but as younger generations grow up grounded in a godless philosophy, evil must increase. Even concerning a "Christian" nation like Great Britain, the following report was made recently: "RELIGION LOSES IN BRITISH POLL. London, October 13 —(AP)—Only 29 per cent of British people believe in God, according to a public opinion poll published Sunday. The poll of 1,093 persons was conducted by Opinion Research Center for a religious program televised by the British Broadcasting Corp. The BBC called it the first major survey of religious beliefs in Britain since a Gallup poll in 1963 showed 38 per cent believed in God." I wonder how different the statistics would be for our own country? What kind of world is developing around us? Are we facing conditions as they were in the days of Noah, when "every thought and imagination of their heart was only evil continually?" Are we as Christians really working to stop the spread of the fungus of evil? Are we aware of the danger growing around us? Are we aware, too, of the only weapon that will check it? Yes, the answer is the good that emanates from God, the good that replaces the evil in men as they learn to partake of His nature. (2 Pet. 1:4). We can wage an effective war against the growth of evil in the world as we bring men, one by one, under the influence of God's laws. Every person that we teach and bring to be a part of His family is helping to balance the scales against godlessness. So the kind of world that lies in our children's future depends on us. It can be what we make it, depending on how urgently we work and how strongly we are convinced that God's way is the only way. I wonder how deeply we really believe in Him? Is our faith strong enough to pass on to our children, and to enable us to reach out to the world for



Steve,
giving
out
tracts.

their sakes? These are the questions we try to keep before ourselves so that we will be strongly aware of what we need to be vigilant in doing. I pray that you will join hands with us to work harder than ever to make the world a place more fit to receive our children as they go out from us. Pray for us.

In Him,
Betty

EXTENSION APPLICATION
 under consideration for *One year*
BEYOND 2.2/6.73

Dated . 12/6/73

7th 12

Foreigners Regional Registration Office
 New Delhi

12/6/73

JUNE

Dear Ones,

I could write a book of reflections on "Methods of Attempting to get Resident Visas in India", only it wouldn't be a very good seller because they've all failed. For thirteen years we've applied as missionaries, teachers, students, journalists, tourists, etc. Sometimes we've stood alone in the applications; sometimes Indian friends have endorsed our applications and have served as guarantors. It has been a long up-hill struggle, always crowned with nothing more than the doubtful success of being granted tourist visas. Looking back, I am sure that was sufficient and best for that time.

Again we are in the midst of processing applications. This time we haven't searched for ways and means ourselves: we have followed a walled path that was lighted for only one step at a time, a path that gave us no right or left choice and no backward choice. We have simply

taken the single step that was before us, and have then found ourselves taking the next and the next, by demand.

The attack has been made on two fronts simultaneously, but without prior co-ordination. The Sandhus (our landlord) have been very busy planning the proper procedure. About two weeks before the expiration of our last visa, Mr. Sandhu came over one morning saying that he had taken the day off from work to attend to the visa affairs. A cousin of his was in town, and since the cousin was good friends with the Home Minister (the head of a branch of the Cabinet, the highest man in charge of granting visas) and with his son, Mr. Sandhu had asked him to go with himself and J. C. to lay groundwork for the visas. The minister, Mr. Dikshirt, was out of town, but they went to his son's office and talked with him. He made several recommendations, and the rest of the day was spent carrying those out. Mr. Sandhu signed a notarized statement that he would serve as our local guarantor. Forms for applications for extensions for one year were obtained, filled out and attached to a letter of request. On Wednesday we were told that the whole family should go to the Foreign Registration Office to turn in the applications.

I would like to describe the Foreign Registration Office but I know I could not possibly remove from your mind the American idea of a government office. This one closely resembles a run-down concrete-block barrack — in fact, it used to be army barracks. Anyway, it is old and dirty and *very* unpretentious, with patched-over walls and sooty curtains half-hanging over doors and windows (while we were sitting there, a man came through the doorway and the curtains hanging over it fell on his head). And by the time the seven of us filed in, the place was almost full. An official at one of the desks had been handling our case,

and we sat chatting with him until finally we were called to the adjoining room where the bigger bosses sat. They accepted our requests to be allowed to apply for extensions, and the details of the application were noted on our visa papers. So the first phase of the program was done.

About three months ago a Dr. Cherian attended the worship services in Old Delhi. The title "Doctor" brings a certain image to our minds too, but Dr. Cherian would be a square peg. She is tall and very fat and has very greasy hair and wears too much make-up when she wears any and dresses sloppily and says some of the crudest things, though she seems absolutely unaware that she is out of step with the rest of the world. Anyway, she and her husband are a strange couple. She works in a hospital here and he lives in South India (He says he has his life planned and that he has already put in the ten years he allotted for marriage). Ten years ago Dr. Cherian was not fat and looked much better than now; theirs was a "love marriage", i.e., they chose each other. She was thirty and he was forty when they married). When J. C. first met her she showed him the pictures of their wedding and reception at which Prime Minister Nehru and many other high officials were guests. Nehru even cut and distributed their wedding cake. Other pictures showed them at political functions with all the other important figures. J. C. felt that if they knew all of these people maybe they could help us with our visas, and she was quick to assure him that Cherian could easily get our extensions granted. Seeing her, we were doubtful, but the pictures were an undeniable testimony to the fact that they know everybody who is important in India.

On Thursday night, after we turned in our applications on Wednesday, Mr. Cherian came to Delhi. He and J. C.

spent Friday morning in consultation, then Friday afternoon he went to see a man he knew in the visa office. Friday night he and Dr. Cherian had dinner with us, and he greeted us with the assurance that the problem was solved and that his friend in the visa office would give the visas. He also met Mr. Dikshirt at the train station the morning he came back to Delhi and spoke to him about the visas too, and Mr. Dikshirt assured him that he will approve the applications when they reach him.

The Sandhus had planned a dinner party on Saturday night for several people they thought might be able to help, including Mr. Dikshirt Jr. and a deputy in the External Affairs Office, both of whom were former classmates of Mr. Sandhu. Since Mr. Cherian had felt so sure the visas were as good as in hand, we were afraid that Bette would feel that her efforts were useless, but J. C. and I both told her how important we felt the dinner would be in cementing the granting of the visas, and she agreed.

We worked together on the menu which was primarily Indian. I supplied cold drinks, peanuts, potato chips, and two chocolate pies for dessert. We very carefully set the pies on a serving cart, only to find when we returned later that someone had let the dog in and part of the meringue and crust had disappeared from both pies! What could we do? Such important guests were coming and there was no other dessert! We were laughing so hard we could hardly discuss what to do, but eventually Bette decided to cut away the eaten parts and to hope that what people didn't know wouldn't hurt them. The party seemed successful, even the dessert, and we enjoyed meeting the other guests. Mrs. Dikshirt told me of her life, of trying to keep peace with an old fashioned mother-in-law (they live with his parents) who expects her to toe the mark on

religious rituals. Once a year, for instance, she has to worship a particular tree and offer gifts to it and pray to it for the long life of her husband. She invited me to visit her, and volunteered that she would tell me all about the old customs that are followed here.

With the second and third phases of the program behind us, we were ready to settle back and let the matter take its course. But Mr. Cherian wanted us to have lunch with them one day, so we joined them at a Chinese restaurant down town. After the meal he asked if we had been to various places here in Delhi and was aghast when we said no, so he insisted on showing us around. We went to the house where Ghandi was shot (Mr. Cherian had been with him the day before his assassination and knew all the details of what had happened), passed Nehru's home which is now a museum, stopped at Mrs. Gandhi's (the present Prime Minister) home but she was in Canada so there was no danger of being taken in to meet her! At the time of the Cherian's wedding she was so unimportant that they *forgot* to invite her to the wedding! We went on to the President's house (he was also out of town) and Mr. Cherian conducted us through the public rooms, telling us of various things that had happened here and there along the way. As we left the President's palace, Mr. Cherian hailed an old woman at the gate, "Vimla", who had been in charge of Nehru's house for years. We took her home and had tea with her, listening as she and Mr. Cherian caught up on exchanges of news since they had last seen each other. She told of her plans to visit a family in the States, saying that the next day Mrs. Ghandi would be flying there from Canada to spend an hour with them. In the next day's paper there was a small news article telling the same details of Mrs. Gandhi's visit with her friends!

The tour ended, Mr. Cherian returned to South India, Dr. Cherian returned to her hospital, the Sandhus went for a holiday in Simla, we have picked up the threads of our work — and we wait. God's will be done. We have followed the path as far as it goes at this point.

Love,
Betty

* * * * *



JUNE

Dearest Ones,

Yes, it is over at last — I have accomplished thirty-three years of getting along (more or less) in this old world! You know the children couldn't let me forget the encroaching years, so we celebrated — by bits and pieces over a five-day period!

On Friday morning (before my birthday on Tuesday), the girls planned a very secretive shopping trip to Con-

naught place with Barbara. When they came home, out of the corner of my eye I saw them sneak quietly by my door and to their room. But the excitement was too much for them and, after a hurried consultation with each other, they proudly dropped my presents on my lap. Barbara had found a record of "Funny Girl" for me — for all of us; Darla had chosen a pair of brass vases and a very old copy of *Aurora Leigh* by Elizabeth Barrett Browning; Sheila had a florist's bouquet of gladiola for me and a blue silk tie for J. C., so he wouldn't feel left out; Steve contributed an agate necklace; Shannon's gifts were a box of American confectioner's sugar, a box of Baggies, and a box of local crackers — "Cheeslings" — all my own, to eat while I read *Aurora Leigh*. Besides this wide assortment of presents, Vipul (who was visiting his Grandmother in Kashmir) had left an embroidered "tea cozy" for "Dear Sister Betty" in Darla's safe keeping. Also, in the mail came a well-sewn up (in a dinner napkin) packet that turned out to be an address book for "Mother" from "Son Tito (Sampson)" who was away spending a month with his brother.

Barbara made a chocolate cake (her first, so I thought that was a fine present for us both — how *easy* it will be in the future to say, "Ahm . . . Bar-b-a-r-a . . . how g-o-o-d a piece of chocolate cake would taste . . .") which we enjoyed sparingly for two days. As a pre-birthday warm-up, on Monday night, J. C. took us to the American Club for a delicious American hamburger (because we can't get beef here), only I decided to be different and have grilled cheese (because we can't get good cheese here either).

The Big Day — we had our breakfast of oats and then hurried to get a taxi. Ever since October of 1968 we have been regularly passing by "The International Doll



Museum” and have been regularly saying, “We’ll have to take the kids to see that sometime.” The day had arrived —It *was* an interesting display of dolls, and I enjoyed all of it, even the air-conditioning. From there we went to the American Embassy. In the West Wing Building is a private theater where motion pictures are shown free of charge each day during the summer, to help occupy the time the kids have on their hands. For my birthday the picture was a Russian fairy tale which we all enjoyed, including the air-conditioning. From the theater we went to the snack bar, having decided to go overboard and splurge two days in a row, and we had another round of hamburgers (only I had a hot dog because we don’t have them here either.)

Home again — the celebrations over. The electricity went off and on and off and on. Mr. Sandhu invited J. C. and me to see an Indian film with them, as their birthday celebration for me. Barbara said she would keep the kids, so we went. We enjoyed the film, including the air-conditioning. Mrs. Sandhu gave me a small carved wooden candy jar; Mr. Sandhu presented me with two Indian cook books. When we got home, very little was left of the kids because they had almost evaporated in a cloud of sweat. The electricity finally came on about 10:30 P.M., and so we blew out my birthday candles and enjoyed having electricity again.

Cards and letters of congratulations have trickled in from home for several days. Vipul wrote a greeting from Kashmir. Reggie, Mahes and the children sent a wire from Ceylon: "Many Happy returns, Pray God's continued blessings."—

And I don't know how much longer this celebration may last because J. C. mentioned something about a new sari

(Could I share a secret? It's just *wonderful* to be a Christian and a wife and a mother on your birthday!)

I love you,

Betty

ALONE . . .

*by**Betty Burton Choate*

Today as I picked my way along a crowded street in Bombay, I saw something that made me ache inside. No, it wasn't a woman asleep on the sidewalk, her nose half eaten away with leprosy; it wasn't a man hobbling along on a crutch with one leg hanging thin and undeveloped and useless; it wasn't a begger with matted hair and beard and motley rags for clothes. It was only a little girl about seven years old, no different at all from the many around her. But as I walked by she suddenly squatted on the edge of the walk and vomited in the street — not a puddle of half-digested food like those I clean up when my children are sick, but only a mouthful or two of stomach fluids. And like an illumination her life flashed through my mind. She was a thin little girl with an empty stomach at four o'clock in the afternoon, and she was vomiting from the weak sickness of hunger. The street was her home. No mother was there to hold her head and wash her face. She was a thin, dirty baby of a girl facing life alone.

I wondered if she had been treated as others have. It is not uncommon for a small child to be taken to a crowded place and abandoned. At a train station recently a father brought his little boy to a platform. When the train started, he pushed his boy back into the crowd and hurried on board, away from the reaching arms. His son screamed after him. Maybe he will die of starvation or disease. Or maybe he will survive by his wits, snatching and stealing wherever he can.



Mercifully, many of the lost children do die. Yes, even death is mercy — it spares them from facing the terror each day that a lost child must feel. It spares them from a corrupt adulthood. It spares them of an eternity in hell. For the chances of the abandoned boy and the sick girl growing up to be Christians are not even one in a million. And I ache for them in their hopelessness.

JULY

Dear Ones,

Last week was a special blessing to us. It was a busy week because of a Bible school that had been scheduled for the mornings, but there were unexpected pleasures too.

On Sunday morning a young Canadian couple, Jim and Lois Cargin, were present for worship, and they brought tidings of the Don Perrys whom we had been expecting since the previous Friday. The Perrys (also Canadian) have worked in Assam, in eastern India, for the past ten years. They had written that they would be stopping briefly in Delhi on their way home. Jim and Lois had been with them in Assam, and they had also been together in Kathmandu, Nepal for a few days, but the Cargins had flown to Delhi and the Perrys were waiting in Nepal for the bus which was to take them overland to England. But the bus had broken down and wouldn't be going to Nepal, so the Cargins brought word that the Perrys would take the three-day train ride to Delhi and would arrive on Wednesday — hopefully.

We never like for fellow Christians to stay in hotels here if they are willing to share what we have to offer, so we invited Jim and Lois to come on over and feel at home. They had spoken of various Christians with whom they had had fellowship during their year of travels, so we could see that they were not of the type to forget the Lord's family as soon as they were out of sight of home. They accepted our invitation; the girls shifted to sleeping bags, giving Jim and Lois their bedroom, complete with newly tightened charpois, and we moved a cane table to the dining room to take care of the overflow there.

Late Wednesday night the Cargins returned from a brief visit to the Taj Mahal, and a few minutes later the Perrys drove up. Having made the same train trip ourselves in the past, J. C. and I could empathize with them completely. It was difficult to know what to offer them first: water to drink, or water for baths, or food. I had planned spaghetti for supper that night because of the uncertain time of their arrival, so in a very small while they had had their first two or three rounds of water, had washed off several layers of India, and had fed spaghetti to stomachs that must have been objecting to the travelers' diet of fruit and cookies.

With seven of us, two of the Cargins and eight of the Perrys, we were a trifle short of beds. But, never mind, there is always a way. An extra charpoi was moved to Barbara's room and "The Perrys" was mentally written on the door. Barbara moved to a charpoi set up under the fan in the living room; their three girls and our two were bedded down on sleeping bags in the auditorium. A pallet for their three boys and our one was spread in the hall that connects the bedrooms. Within a few minutes the boys had learned of a mutual love for comics so they settled down to reading until the last light went out.

The weather in Assam and Nepal had been cloudy, misty, and cool. Our weather was damp—and hot. And the current kept going off for an hour or so at a time. After the cool refrigerated water was gone they were sweetly content with water, in any state. No matter what other activities any of us were engaged in, all of us were doing our part to re-cycle water: drink, perspire, drink, perspire. It ran in rivulets and was most tickly.

I had prepared for the Perry's arrival by ordering meats for Thursday, but I didn't get them early and keep them in the freezing unit of the fridge. That part was reserved



Steve and the Perry boys, cooling off in the "baptistry".

for ice. Though my large cake pan was too big for my little portable oven, I found that it fit beautifully in the refrigerator. And a huge cake of lovely ice could be frozen from one meal to the next. I had been changing the water as soon as it was frozen and had two and a half cakes ready for lunch Thursday. Would you believe that we drank *four gallons* of iced tea?! In the afternoon the current was off a long time and we were afraid there would be no ice for supper, but the tray finally froze and we also borrowed a couple of trays from the Sandhus.

So every crisis was averted. As usual, the food was passing fair because it was late getting on the table and everyone was hungry enough to eat the melmac by then—so who can fail to be a "good cook" under those circumstances? Even the lemon ice box pies were not bad, in spite of the fact that we had to use limes because there are no lemons. And we drank another three gallons of tea—

Hebrews 13:2 says: "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." The richness of fellowship, of sharing trials and good things with visiting brothers and sisters are spiritual feasts. These feel like shadows of the heavenly experiences we may

one day know, and we don't want to miss any of these stray bits of heaven on earth. And sometimes I wonder how many angels we have entertained who, on their departure, took with them their special glow and left with us the cloudy haze of loneliness . . .

Come to see us.

Love,

Betty and family

* * * * *

Dear Ones,

Do you ever wonder what the world looks like through God's eyes? Do you ever wonder what you as a whole human being of a whole span of life looks like through God's eyes? I have, and the view literally makes me feel like my head is spinning! The mental imaginary picture of the whole busy moving mass of humanity is more than my mind can take, especially as I think of God's hands reaching out among us, turning this one to do that, picking up that one and placing him here, bringing these two paths to an intersection from beginning points thousands of miles apart, working, working, ceaselessly working all things out for good for His children, and using every needed man on the board to accomplish His purposes.

And when I think of the complex turns and developments of one human lifetime, I marvel at all the foresight God must use and at all the co-ordinating He has to do in order to fulfill His promises to work out all things for good for His children. Often the event of today must be traced back for years to reach the beginning point of the chain of events that brought it about. No human has the ability to look down the road to see the major turns

or the end of the way . . . only God can see what is before us — so how unspeakably wonderful it is that we can rely on His answers to our prayers for guidance and His help on the road we walk!

But prayers are odd instruments, because of the way God uses them. We know that He does not speak to us directly today, and that the need for miracles is past — yet, often we act like we expect a miracle in answer to our prayers. When we ask for strength, wouldn't we feel peculiar if we just got up the next morning, filled to overflowing with mature Christian strength? Wouldn't that be a miracle? So, if we don't expect miracles, why should we be surprised when God uses the obvious means to answer our prayers! Are we not being naive as Christians when we ask for something without thinking of the end result of what we are asking? We request guidance — do we think, as we make that plea, of the doors God may have to close in our faces in order to bring us to the one He wants us to pass through? We ask for His help in being faithful — do we anticipate the chastising He will have to do on occasions, if He is to answer that prayer? We ask for strength — do we expect the trials that will be necessary in order for our spiritual muscles to be exercised and to grow strong? We ask for patience — do we envision the aggravations and delays and frustrations that may be needed to develop patience within us? We ask for opportunities to be useful — are we preparing our minds so that the time and energy required to take advantage of those opportunities won't be an unexpected drain on us? We ask for God's help in bringing a husband or a friend or our nation closer to Him — do we anticipate the painful purging that may be necessary if those prayers are to be answered?

We realize that God is all-knowing — that though He

does not and will not *make* any man be good or evil, He knows us fully and He can and will and does use us as we are, to do whatever He needs us to do. This has been shown so clearly in the records of His dealings with men throughout history. He used Abraham, a good man, to accomplish good; He used Moses, a good man, for good; He used Pharaoh, an evil man, to bring punishment on Egypt and to be an example for the world; He used righteous people, righteous nations, as blessings; He used evil people, evil nations, as curses and punishments on themselves and on others who needed curbing or correction.

We know also that God doesn't look down through *time* and *make* us do anything. We are free agents, allowed to choose our way. But, if *we place ourselves* at God's disposal and ask for His shaping and molding and to be used of Him, He will gladly make us His tools to do good in the world. And, aware of the directions and choices further down our road, He will guide us aright in our lives if we will bend submissively to His touch. How often, after asking for His guidance, do we fly unseeingly past the door He knew would be best for us to pass through and stand with beating fists, demanding entrance at a door He has wisely closed?

Isn't it a wonderful thing to be a Christian? to know that someone with far-reaching vision has the reins of our lives in His hands, and to know that He works powerfully with us in our lives and through our prayers? And if we know that, let us live with eyes and ears and mind open, sensitive to His slightest touch in our lives, so that we may accomplish, and not frustrate, His purpose.

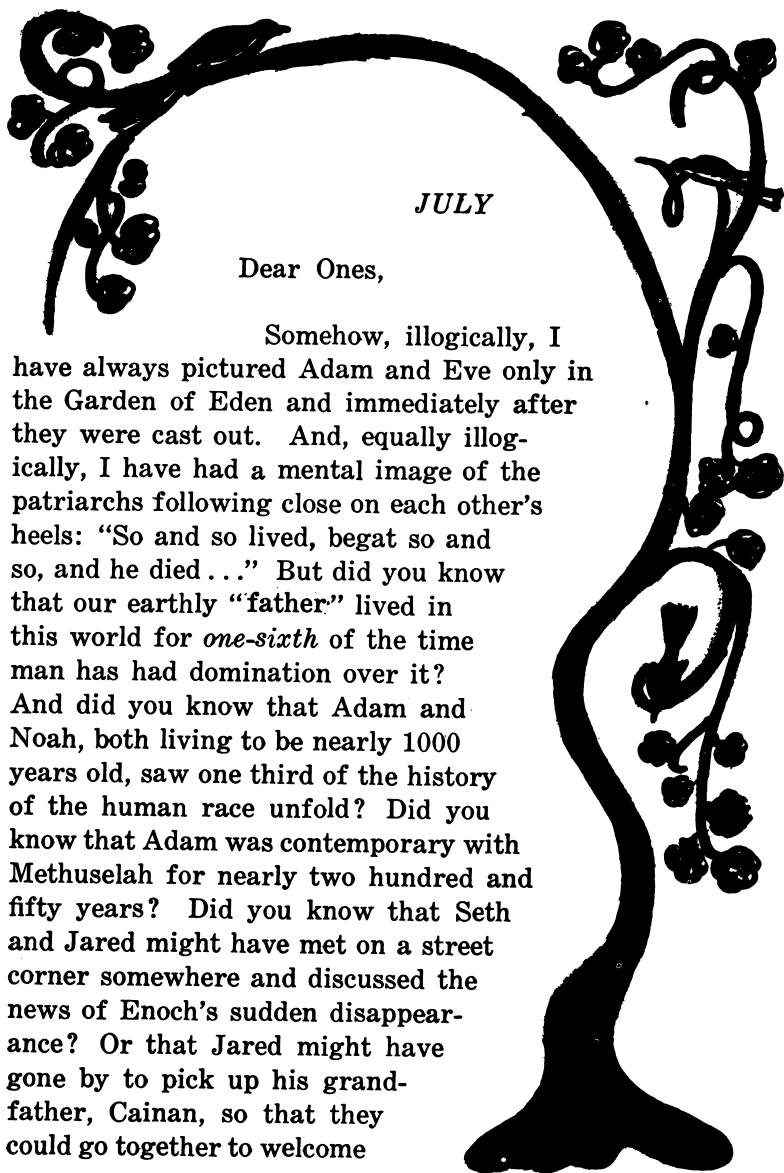
We ask always for your prayers.

In Him,
Betty

JULY

Dear Ones,

Somehow, illogically, I have always pictured Adam and Eve only in the Garden of Eden and immediately after they were cast out. And, equally illogically, I have had a mental image of the patriarchs following close on each other's heels: "So and so lived, begat so and so, and he died . . ." But did you know that our earthly "father" lived in this world for *one-sixth* of the time man has had domination over it? And did you know that Adam and Noah, both living to be nearly 1000 years old, saw one third of the history of the human race unfold? Did you know that Adam was contemporary with Methuselah for nearly two hundred and fifty years? Did you know that Seth and Jared might have met on a street corner somewhere and discussed the news of Enoch's sudden disappearance? Or that Jared might have gone by to pick up his grandfather, Cainan, so that they could go together to welcome



the arrival of Cainan's great-great-great grandson, Lamech? Have you thought that Methusalah lived as contemporary with Noah for six hundred years, that he evidently didn't hit a tap on the building of the ark, and that he died the year of the flood? Have you read that Noah lived to see the deaths of Peleg and Nahor, his great-great-great-great grandson and great-great-great-great-great-great grandson? Did you know that Shem might have been in the farewell party seeing Abram off when he left Ur, but that though he lived for fifty years in the same world with Isaac he never even had a picture of his great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great grandson? Have you considered how close Abraham was to the flood and the creation? Though covering about 2000 years, the story of the creation could have been told by Adam to Lamech, then to Noah, and the stories of the creation and the flood had only to pass from Noah through Terah in order to reach Abram's ears.

We have a little book entitled *The Death of Abel*, written by Solomon Gessner in 1762. In almost ethereal language, Mr. Gessner paints word pictures of Adam and Eve as they learned to live in an alien world. He supposes that Adam was recounting to his children their experiences after they were driven from the garden: "We were going on, when we saw just above our heads, a bird fly with feeble wing, its feathers were rough and disordered: it cast forth plaintive cries, and, having fluttered a little in the air, sunk down without strength among the bushes. Eve went to seek it, and beheld another lie without motion on the grass, which that we had before seen seemed to lament. My spouse stooping over it, examined it with fixed attention, and in vain tried to rouse it from what she believed to be sleep. It will not wake! said she to me, in a fearful voice, laying the bird from her trembling hand.—It will not wake!—It will never wake more!

She then burst into tears, and speaking to the lifeless bird, said, Alas! the poor bird that pierced my ears with his cries was perhaps thy mate. It is I!—It is I! unhappy that I am, who have brought misery and grief on every creature! For my sin these pretty harmless animals are punished. Her tears redoubled. What an event! said she turning to me. How stiff and cold it is! It has neither voice nor motion: its joints no longer bend; its limbs refuse their office. Speak, Adam, is this death? Ah! it is. How I tremble! An icy cold runs through my bones. If the death with which we are threatened is like this, how terrible!—What, dearest Adam! would become of me, if, like the feathered mate of this poor bird, I am left behind to mourn? Or what of thee, if death tear me from thy fond arms? Should God create another Eve to fill my forfeited place in thy loved bosom, she will not—cannot love like me, thy partner in distress and banishment!—unable to say more, she wept. . . .” (Pg. 44).

Later, Adam became sick and “Eve sat drowned in sorrow by the bed of her sleeping husband, and, in a low voice, fearing to disturb his repose, vented the anguish of her heart. What evils do I experience! said she. O curse, the consequence of sin, let thy burden rest on me! I was the first offender. Ah! ’tis already on me. All of the griefs, all the distresses of my husband, of my unhappy offspring, flow from me. Their pains, their sorrows, are so many gnawing worms that prey on me. O my spouse! If thou diest—How I tremble at the idea! A general shivering seizes me: the cold sweat trickles down my face. Can the horrors of death be more dreadful! if thou art going to die for my fault, O Adam!—if these agonies are to unloose the bands of life, hate me not! Add not to my insupportable miseries thine anger! And ye, my children, curse not your unhappy mother! Guilty as

I am, I deserve your pity. Ye upbraid me not, 'tis true; but, alas! every sign, every tear, awakens my keen remorse, and is to me a cutting reproach. O God Almighty! lend an ear to my plaintive supplications and remove his sufferings: or, if they are the fore-runners of death — if his body must now return to the dust, terrifying thought! separate us not; let me die with him! Suffer my soul to retire first, that I may not behold his last pangs! I was the first sinner. Eve ceased to speak, and remained inconsolable, weeping by the side of her husband . . ." (Pg. 74)

On a beautiful morning Adam and Eve were walking to the field of Cain when "They now came from behind some bushes, Eve walking a little before, when suddenly stepping back, she cried, with a tremulous voice, Who lies there? — Adam, who's that lies there? — He lieth not like one asleep — His face is on the ground — Those golden locks are Abel's. — Adam, why do I tremble? — Abel! Abel! awake — awake, my son! turn to me thy face — turn to me thy face! Awake, ah! awake, dear son, from a sleep that freezes me with terror! They approach nearer. What do I see! cried Adam, trembling, and retiring back. Blood! blood trickling from his temples! His head is covered with blood! — O Abel! O my son! — my son! — my dear son! cried Eve, lifting up his arm stiffened by death; then sunk, pale as the object she lamented, on Adam's throbbing breast. Horror and grief deprived them both of voice, when Cain, frantic with despair, came without design to the place where lay the dead body of his brother, and seeing near the corpse his father motionless, and his mother pale and lifeless in his arms, he cried out, trembling, He is dead! — I killed him! — Cursed be the hour, O father of men! when thou begattest me! And thou, woman! cursed be the instant when thou broughtest me forth! — He is dead! — I killed him! repeated he, and fled

Adam first recovered from his lethargy of stupid grief. Where am I he cried, in broken accents. How I tremble! — My God! my God! — Ah, there he lies! — wretched father! What horrors shake my soul! — How can I support the dreadful thought! — His brother killed him! — he has cursed us! O Abel! O my son! My veins are chilled; my blood runs cold. Ah, miserable parent — One son has cursed thee; the other lies before thee, imbrued in his own blood. What evils, what torments have I brought on myself, and my wretched offspring — Ah, fatal sin! — And thou, too, Eve, thou wakest not! — How my terrors increase! Art thou dead too? — Am I left alone, a prey to anguish! — Yet, O God, in the midst of desolation, I adore Thy decrees, I revere Thy justice — I am a sinner. — An icy coldness insinuates itself into my beating heart. My eyes fail. O Death? why delayest thou? O Abel! O my dear son! He then again cast a look on the body: the tears flowed down his venerable face, and with them ran the cold sweat. Thou at last awakest, dear Eve, he continued: but, alas! to what inexpressible tortures dost thou awake! Ah! what distress is seen in thy weeping eyes, dear companion of my misery! Eve mourned, falling over the still body, “My son—my son! thy blood rises up against me!—it accuses me, unhappy parent!” (Pgs. 103-105).

I had not thought of the condemning guilt Eve must have felt every time she saw sin and death. And I think none of us see sin as the horrible blackening thing that it is in God's eyes, and as our first parents must have seen it. Perhaps we have lived in a world too long scarred and blighted by sin to feel the hatred and fear of it that we should.

Won't that new earth be wonderful?

Love,

Betty

AUGUST



Dearest Ones,

I seem to spend so much time in this position that I thought I would share with you some of my Upside-Down Thoughts Over a Bucket . . . If we *ever* get *some* word on those visas, maybe we can invest in some kind of washing machine — if the dol-

lar hasn't dropped to nothing in value by then . . . It's good that the officials in charge of the Delhi Power Plant have finally admitted that they have been deliberately not repairing the generators; maybe now the management differences can be worked out and we won't be without lights all the time . . . Satan thought he would use that to his advantage in this filmstrip meeting but Vipul went right on last night and gave a beautiful verbal lesson by candlelight, and then the lights came on just long enough for Sunny to show a quick review with the filmstrips, so that was great . . . Jasmine seemed to enjoy going from house to house giving out invitations and tracts; I wish there was more time for us to work together . . . That choice moss rose in the miniature candleholder vase was such a sweet surprise for Barbara to have left on my "desk" this morning . . . she did a good job mending the tear in her kurta; she may be more domestic than she thinks . . . I do hope I can get these sheets and diapers on the line before the daily monsoon shower comes . . . Ugh! this

bedspread is a handful to twist . . . I wish there were some way to keep down the moldiness and musty smell in things . . . the books are ruining with so much humidity in the air . . . Indians have to fight contrary weather so much, it's no wonder progress is slow; if it isn't heat and drought, it's rain and floods . . . Father, please help us to reach more people; help us to find more effective ways of working; the church is just not being effective in evangelizing the world; what's wrong with the way we're going about it? I hope Barathi will read those books I left with her last night; she seems like such a sincere person . . . Father, please help us in teaching her . . . I'm glad the printer finally delivered those books. I know it is exasperating to J. C. to have such unnecessary delays in getting out the materials . . . I hope I have time today to finish another chapter in that workbook he asked me to write . . . if he will pester enough, maybe I'll soon get it done . . . Why can't I arrange my days so that there is some schedule? . . . Shannon will soon be waking up . . . won't that little scutter ever decide to walk? . . . He looks so cute holding hands and ducking his head for thanks at the table . . . I am glad Sheila and Darla can help more with him, now that school is out . . . We need to order their new courses . . . if only we could hear from our visas and know whether we'll be here or not . . . Oh, I have to take Shannon to get his shot tomorrow . . . I wonder if the rest of us are due for boosters? . . . Shannon really has a lot of wet diapers in this damp weather . . . I wonder what happened to the five or six that are missing? . . . Nineteen diapers don't seem to last many hours . . . How *can* Steve get these white pants so dirty? . . . He really likes those Enid Blyhton books; I wonder if he would want to send one to Kim . . . I can hardly believe that Clayton and O'Nirah really named their new

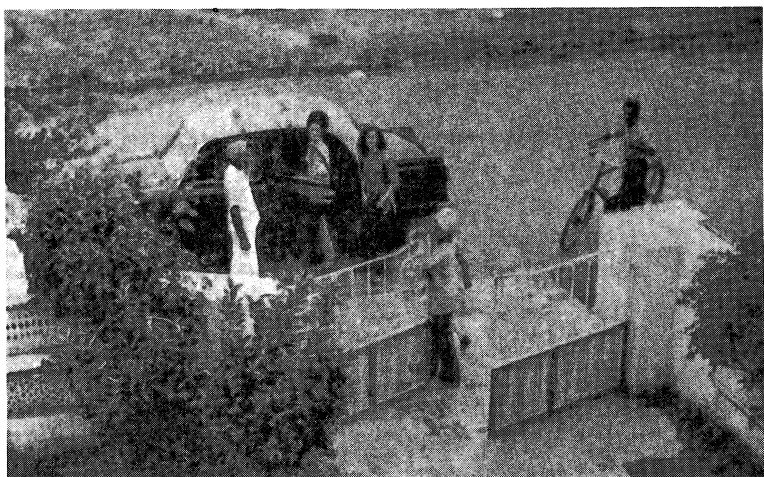


baby "Betty Ann" . . . I guess we've been away from home long enough that they have forgotten the worst of my faults . . . I wish I could see her . . . I wish Daddy and Mother and J. C.'s folks could see Shannon . . . It sounds like there is a real mess in the church at Winona since Katie has been converted and her skin is the wrong color for some; the sad part is that even though she is such a new Christian she has a more Christ-like attitude than some there who have claimed to be Christians for years . . . Wonder what color-conscious people are going to do when they see heaven peopled with every shade? turn and go the other way in disdain, I guess . . . I am glad that some people are determined to be faithful, no matter what . . . Reggie really has a full schedule, showing the filmstrips in Colombo . . . The church there still has the potential of being the showcase of Asia . . . I wonder how much trouble they are having getting sugar and rice now . . . I hope Ceylon doesn't fall to Communism . . . All the troubles in the States are frightening to Sheila, deep inside . . . she really depends on the fulfillment of Daniel's prophecy that there will not be another world empire, so Russia or communism can't take over America . . . Things really look bad there now . . . In God's wisdom changes may be coming that will make the church wake up, but in a painful awakening . . . I wish we could do more to change the mess the world is in . . . That sounds like the postman at the door; I hope he has some mail from home . . . I can't believe we're getting all of our letters lately . . . The ones we have gotten have been so encouraging. Thank You, Father, for all the people at home that we love so much . . .

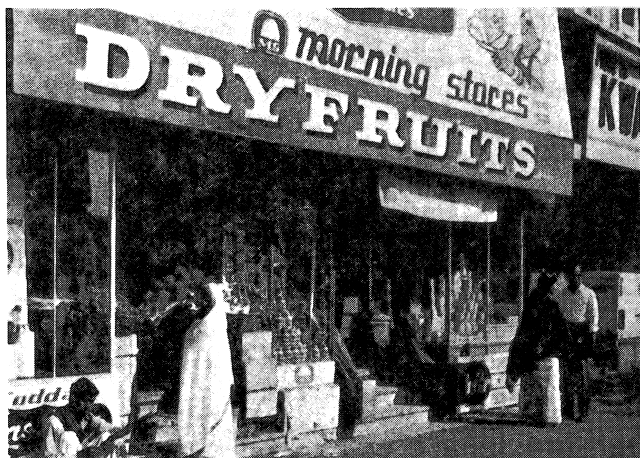
Our love,

Betty

"To market, to market . . ."

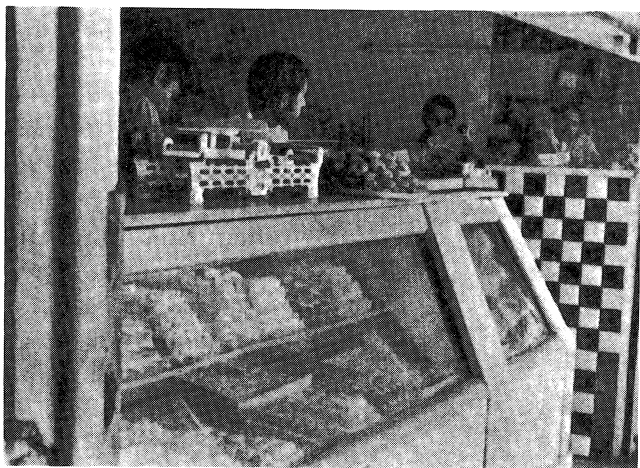


Betty, Barbara, getting into a taxi at the front gate; Himmat Sandhu (the neighbor boy) and the taxi driver — Sikhs — in turbans; our cook, coming back to duty on his bicycle.



The dry goods store in Greater Kailash where I did most of my shopping.

"To market, to market . . ."



A sweets shop next door to the "Morning Store".



"... home again, home again . . ."

AUGUST



Dear Ones,

Sometimes it seems that it was only a few days ago that we came to India. At other times it seems that we have been here for a measureless period. Eight months have been completed, and much water has rushed under the bridge. When we feel inclined to be discouraged because of

the slowness of things (dangling in the air, needing to know whether or not our visas are to be granted, has kept us from beginning some long-range work that we had hoped to be doing by now; also, the constant delays in getting printing done are a time-consuming nuisance and a hindrance) we look back to see the picture as it was eight months ago, and we are thankful for the amount of work that has been done and for the numerical growth of the church that has resulted, but especially for the spiritual maturing in Christ of some of the men in their contributions to the work. More of them are taking an active part in preaching in different areas on Sundays, more are showing filmstrips and teaching in private studies, more are taking part in tract distribution.

But, still, there is so much more that we want to do; so much growth that we want to see yet. Please pray for all of us.

This year has been a trying one for India, for the whole world, in fact. The American money crisis has caused many problems around the world, reducing the value of the dollar by twenty to thirty per cent in some countries. Also, the shortages of food that have been felt around the world have increased the cost of living tremendously. Here in India we have felt the effects of it too.

Food Shortages and Price Rise

Because India depends on monsoon rains for its water supply for crops and for much of its city water too, to a great extent, there have been many problems during these past three years when the monsoons have failed. Drought is severe in some areas, with people slowly dying of starvation. Even this season the crops are expected to fall far short of the needed amount. Certain foods have become scarce even in the major cities, and prices have sky-rocketed. In the short time we have lived here we have had problems getting flour (the price is presently 25 cents a pound—down from 30 cents—and the present supply contains both bugs and worms . . . This may come as an unpleasant surprise to Barbara when she types my report, but, Barbara, I do sift *carefully* and have developed the logical thought that an occasional well-baked or crispy-fried . . . would add *some* vitamin or *some* mineral or *something* to our diet!), whole wheat flour (used more widely in India than white flour) is available now only on ration cards, which we do not have; milk, even powdered milk, is in short supply; drought in Gujarat has caused a 40 per cent reduction in baby food production since a year ago; cooking oil and shortening have frequently not been available, and prices are almost double what they were last December; shop keepers seldom have bread or butter these days, and being able to locate enough to get

by has been a problem; even bar soap was not on the shelves for two or three weeks. In addition to food scarcities, fertilizer is scarce; petrol for taxis and cars is about to be rationed severely, and the price increased again; butane gas is not available at times, and this is presently our only means of cooking food; kerosene is in short supply; water pressure is low or non-existent in some areas of the city; the power supply has been terrible for months; paper for printing is going higher in price because of short supply; newspapers have cut their size drastically — and raised prices — because of the paper shortage; cement is available on ration or black market only; etc., etc.

A recent report in the *Times of India* said that the upsurge in prices has momentarily been halted, with the first week in August showing a marginal decline of .2 per cent. "Considering that prices had been galloping upwards at the rate of *one per cent per week* for a long time, this came as a welcome relief."

Adulteration

With food scarce and prices soaring, adulteration of food is the natural result. Food samples tested in the state of Orissa showed 68.2 per cent were adulterated; in Rajasthan 47.2 per cent adulterated; about 35 per cent in Delhi showed adulteration. Fresh milk invariably has water added (and even the powdered milk tends to curdle these days whenever it is heated); fertilizer is sometimes granulated mud; gas is mixed with something else which causes black sooty exhaust; this bottle of cooking gas will hardly burn so I don't know what was added to it; grains have rocks or other impurities added; etc., etc.

Cartoons in the paper help to relieve the seriousness of the situation. The power supply has been so bad that



The dry goods section.

one cartoon showed two huge dry cell batteries sitting up in a man's house, connected to the wiring. The host is explaining to his visitor: "I got it specially made because I am beginning to suspect they haven't a clue how to restore normal supply." Another one shows the manager in a power plant explaining to a touring visitor who is looking over the plant: "We are completely self-reliant; foreign experts built it. But our own technicians can repair it . . . actually, they repaired it a dozen times last month alone!" On the food shortages, because such long queues (lines) of people wait at the ration shops for food, one cartoon shows a man organizing his family group: "You go and stand in the queue for kerosene, you for wheat, you for cooking oil, you for coal . . ." With the news reports of a rise in water rates one cartoon showed a lady reading the paper and moaning, "Oh, no! the price of milk will go up!" Another Indian lady remarks to her husband, who is reading the headlines that tell of the funds allotted for the water project: "If they take my ad-

vice they should use the funds to connect our supply to some lake outside the country which doesn't depend on monsoons." Concerning food adulteration, a clerk brings a report to the Food Minister, saying: "The analysis has come, Sir. The brown seeds in the food grain supplied are wheat — but they can't say what the yellow, red, green, black grains are!"

Pollution

The following article appeared recently in the *Times of India*: "According to public health experts, even during normal times Delhi's thermal power plants belch out 25 to 30 tones of *ash* into the air in 24 hours, adding to the air pollution by automobiles and other sources . . . Residents of New Delhi, particularly Daryaganj, Paharganj, and Connaught Place, now inhale a large amount of *soot*. Those who sleep in the open find their bedsheets covered with soot . . . In addition to soot, the Indraprastha power plants also inject into the air 1.8 *tons of arsenic every day*, though the DESU authorities now claim that the coke supplied to the Undertaking from the nationalised coaleries has a low arsenic content . . . A survey carried out in 1971 showed that the soot released by the chimneys of the power station in the day carries with it 60 tons of *sulphur dioxide*. According to another survey, dustfall *per square mile* in Delhi amounted to 811 *tons*. In summer months the figure is much *higher*. According to the Asthma Bronchitis Association of India, cases of *cough, asthma, and other respiratory disease* have been lately on the increase in the Capital. The incidence of chronic bronchitis in Delhi is the *highest* in the country."

Though none of these problems have been insurmountable, they have been aggravating to have to deal with, and have not been beneficial to health. We have "felt bad"

more this time than ever before in our years in foreign work. I feel sure that the pollution in the air and the poor quality of food are partially responsible. But the body is an amazing thing, and we hope that the problems will prove to be only hindrances and will not bring any serious repercussions.

Again I seem to have sounded like I am complaining. Actually I don't intend to be: the obstacles form a sort of challenge, and to be able to manage in spite of them becomes a small victory! What hurts most is to see India in such straits, because this is a year of crisis, admittedly the worst year since partition. What the outcome of all the problems will be is not yet clear, but there may be some rough roads ahead for these nearly six hundred million people.

Please pray for them, and for us.

Love in Him,

Betty

* * * * *

SEPTEMBER

Dearest Ones,

You can't imagine how often I mentally reach for a book that is not available for our use here. Or how many times we need a reference book for some particular tract that is being written. Or how often one of the Christians wants a book on a certain subject and we have to say, "No, we don't have anything available."

I got to thinking for the hundredth time about what a limiting, hampering thing it is to have only a literal hand-

ful of books, when it is an accepted fact that it is the man on the front line who needs the ammunition. We *need* ammunition.

Then I got to thinking about you all, and remembering how many of you have asked at one time or another: "What can I do personally to help, besides pray for you and give money for the work itself?" And I thought of the other Christian ladies who are your friends, and of the ladies' classes of which you are a part, and I was smitten with the question: WHY CAN'T THEY HELP US WITH FILLING THIS VOID WITH SELECT BOOKS? It seemed a good idea to me so I have made a list of the few books that are here. From that, and a study of the Gospel Advocate Catalog, we have made a list of the books and teaching materials that we so badly need. From that list I am asking you to please help us by supplying the specific books or other materials that are listed at the close of this letter. No one else is being asked to send this particular book, so if you can't send it or don't find someone to send it in your stead we just won't have that tool to work with.

I realize that in this time of extremely high prices you may not feel that you can spare money for books, but perhaps you and one or two others could pool moneys, or perhaps the ladies' class could make a special contribution in order to purchase the books.

The admonition that our bodies are to be a "living sacrifice" keeps coming to mind. I wonder how often the average Christian really *sacrifices* something? Wouldn't it be easy to *sacrifice* one trip to the beauty parlour and to spend exactly that amount on books for the Christians here? Or how about really *sacrificing* the cost of eating out one Sunday: just stay at home and then donate the

cost of the restaurant meal. Or you might be in the mood for a new pair of shoes (not really bare-foot or down to the sidewalk in spots, but just ready to add another pair of shoes to your wardrobe, for variety)—why not shop for them and then *sacrifice* their cost (don't forget what you would have spent on the matching bag) for books so the preachers here can be better prepared to save souls? Or you might decide to live in austerity for one week and *sacrifice* for books the combined cost of all the non-essential food items you usually buy: cokes, ice cream, potato chips, candy, pop corn, gum — they're not good for your teeth anyway — so you might give, too, the cost of one filling because your austerity program might have spared you that!

After collecting the money from your own sacrificing and from the others who may be willing to help, please send the orders to Brother Barney Morehead, World Vision, 1033 Belvidere Drive, Nashville, Tennessee 37204, or to Gospel Advocate Co., Box 150, Nashville, Tennessee, 37202, or to some other bookstore, and ask them to send the books to Mr. Sunny David, P. O. Box 3815, New Delhi, 49, India.

I am counting heavily on you to help us supply this need. Even if all the books in this request list are sent, they will be only the bare essentials, and nothing in comparison to what is available in the most poorly stocked church library in the brotherhood. We need these tools in order to better teach those who are not Christians and in order to further train the church — *Please* help us in this important way . . .

Pray for the Christians here.

You are dear to us,
J. C. and Betty

SEPTEMBER

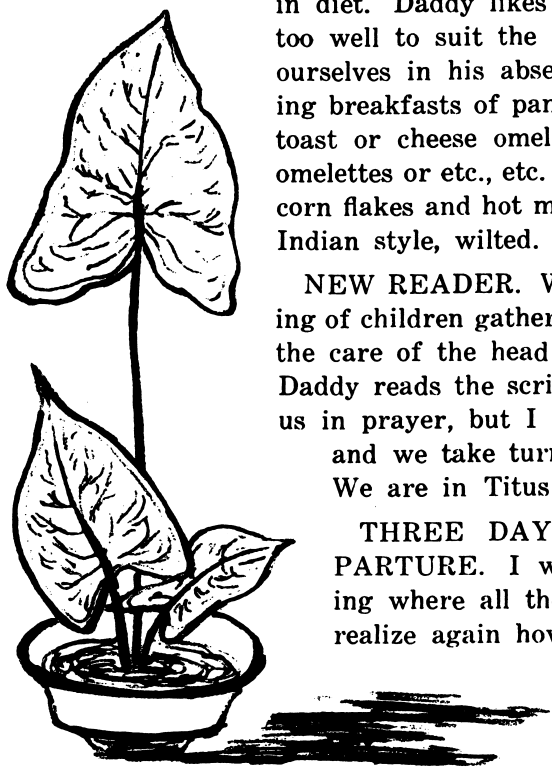
Dear Ones,

As usual, when J. C.'s away, it's past bedtime and I'm breaking the rules by staying up later than is best, but I wanted to give you a hurried view of these weeks of, is it called, "grass widowhood?"

MORNING FOLLOWING DEPARTURE AND EVERY MORNING THEREAFTER. Change in diet. Daddy likes oats (porridge) too well to suit the kids. We regale ourselves in his absence with tempting breakfasts of pancakes or French toast or cheese omelettes or messala omelettes or etc., etc. Even have some corn flakes and hot milk one morning, Indian style, wilted.

NEW READER. We miss the feeling of children gathered around under the care of the head of the house as Daddy reads the scriptures and leads us in prayer, but I fill in as Reader and we take turns with praying. We are in Titus now.

THREE DAYS AFTER DEPARTURE. I wake up wondering where all the zip went, then realize again how much of "my"



strength is really a current of Daddy's. So I readjust to the situation of having to be Papa Bear and Mama Bear, and turn more strongly to the First Source of strength. He supplies, as always, whatever is needed and asked for.

RIDING LESSONS. After delaying many things, waiting for our visas, we decide to throw caution to the wind and enroll the kids for fresh air, exercise and sociability in the form of riding lessons. They come home from their first lesson so full of excitement and news that my ears can hardly turn in all directions at once. However I do catch the "... must have a hard hat for riding ... " so we go to the specified store to look into the matter. I calmly ask how much are the riding hats, then do an inner double take at the Rs. 96, and flip through some fast multiplication in threes — The safari hat for Rs. 22 will do just as well but I can't squelch those three pairs of pleading eyes so we decide to wait until Daddy comes home to make a decision. In the meantime they borrow hats from the riding club.

NEW BOY IN CONGREGATION. Brother Kumar Malik comes to worship on Sunday just long enough to wait on the Lord's table according to the pre-arranged schedule, and then he leaves. In the evening our suspicions are confirmed — He and Sharla have a new baby, a boy. Since in India sympathy is offered to parents of new girls, and people mourn, there is great rejoicing over the birth of a boy. Kumar and Sharla have outgrown that Hindu attitude, but they *are* wearing proud smiles. They say he's going to make a fine preacher.

VIPUL HAS A BIRTHDAY. Since a twenty-first birthday comes only once, we had planned with Daddy what we should do for son Vipul when his came around. As his own parents reserve the Day itself, we ask for Monday.



Our treat: to take him to the American Club for dinner (Do you see why I call it "our" treat? — we enjoy that!) He looks crest-fallen when I answer his question of "what to wear?" with "something casual"; we decide to make it a dress occasion so he can wear the new suit he rarely gets to don in this heat. The "tinned" cokes are as tasty as he had thought they would be, and he relishes every bite of his steak—something we don't get anywhere else in this land of holy cows.

Our present (since it's a special birthday) is money for a cycle. (We thought his Hindu parents might be tired of supplying bus money for his "church" work). He is so happy he almost cries, not because of the money but because of feeling a part of a Christian family. But as it turns out, and as we feared, his parents won't let him accept the gift. They say we are trying to convince him of his beliefs, and trying to buy him. It seems to me to be late in the day to try that since he has been working unreservedly for God for three years here in Delhi without any monetary "rewards." We finally buy him a tie to match his lovely pink shirt, and give him a book on friendship.

SHANNON WALKS. I *told* Daddy he would miss it, and he has. The little scutter just walks all over, going

down the hall to Barbara's room and to the girls' room, bumping on their doors and calling out to be let in. Grins like he's as proud of himself as I am.

TUESDAY COOKERY CLASS. "When the cat's away..." As soon as Bette (landlady) hears J. C.'s gone she makes plans for cooking classes on Tuesdays. We decide to make spaghetti at her house. She invites a sister-in-law and they cook while I (old pro! in these countries where the ladies often have cooks, and don't know much about cooking themselves I enjoy a blown-up reputation of being an excellent cook. All my disclaiming just convinces them the more, so I am content to act the part these days) direct. Of course, the best part is the eating, and we do that too.

FILMSTRIPS. Matthew and I go each Tuesday and Friday evening to Mrs. Rao's house to show her the filmstrips. She speaks English, with a Melayalam accent, and she understands my English with a Southern accent so well that she came to my house the first day we (thought we) had arranged to go to hers. As the studies and visits progress we hear better too, and we understand each other pretty well now. We pray she will obey the gospel.

Barbara and the girls take care of the house and Shannon, and they even make dinner in my absence. I do love coming home to find the food ready to be eaten. How nice it is to have so many grown-ups in the family!

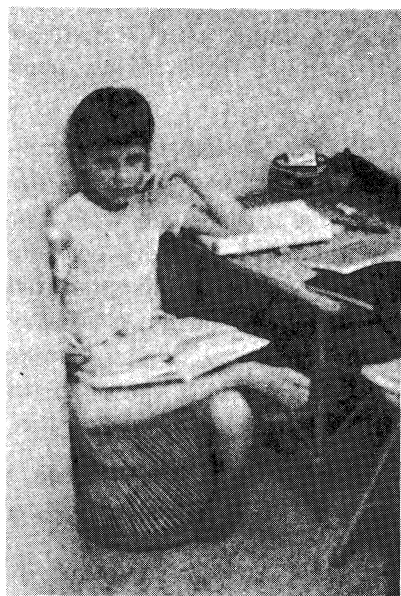
PAINTING. Having admired one of Bette's pictures for some time, I decided to borrow it and copy it. Since she paid only Rs. 100 for it, I figure it may be a come-down for my talents (a big 'HA' on that one), but one has to do *something* as exercise in growth. Sampson (David) likes it so much he comes over every afternoon

for a week and does an excellent job in copying it. Finally (though I've begun to get a little tired of it), I begin. It is harder than one might have expected. But I am making a beginning. Bette comes over for a few minutes, takes the brush in hand and paints over my feeble efforts, but she can't stay long enough to get it past a very rough blocking in — so I try again. And am better pleased this time with the way things are shaping up. Bette comes to see what progress is being made, blends some new colors, swabs them on, and has to go home. I don't have time to paint. I can't imagine why I ever started. But Bette's picture is here, and Sampson keeps coming to see if I have been able to turn the disaster into anything on par with his, and I can't be a "quitter" — So, I begin for the third time, though the canvas is looking somewhat thick — Well, even Michaelangelo must have had bad days.

SUNDAY GUESTS. We continue with our tradition of having one or several to eat Sunday lunch with us. Vipul and Matthew are almost regulars. Matthew's brother, Joseph, is visiting him from the village, and he overcomes his shyness to stay for lunch too. Dr. Peterson is usually rushed, but he and the other doctors have been enjoying some strikes lately so he spends most of one Sunday afternoon with us. He plays the sitar, and Barbara has been itching to try, so he leaves his here for a few days. She does amazingly well — oozing talent.

SHEILA'S BIRTHDAY. The birthday girl is a teenager, and she asked for clothes, so she has a new maxi, a maxi skirt, a pants outfit, and an Indian shalwar and kamise. But her best gift is the cancellation of the debt she has accumulated, borrowing on distant allowances! We have a hamburger at the club — ooh, how delicious birthdays are! Sadly, there isn't another one till February.

HELP! In his absence, a lot of Daddy's office work is Barbara's and mine (letters, proof-reading, etc.) so we find plenty to keep us busy. I have my own letters to



keep up with, and want so much to write several chapters in the study book J. C. asked me to prepare for women's classes. But it's hard. Somehow when he's gone everybody just *crowds* me: Bette pops in at odd hours, some of the Christians come over more often (to keep us company, I suppose), Sheila has to tell me something, Steve wants me to come see what he's making, Darla wants to read me a paragraph in her book, Shannon is so cute and sweet that nobody

could ignore him, Barbara finds an interesting thing in her studies that she wants to share. Sometimes I feel that they have really become Indianized and are in a queue waiting for their turn at my attention — but they aren't: they're an unruly bunch interrupting each other and interrupting me and I have to re-read half sentences in half paragraphs so many times that it's such an old worn out thought by the time I finish writing it that I wonder who would want to read that anyway . . . But aside from the fact that I don't accomplish anything tangible, the days go smoothly enough, and we're all a bunch of happily compatible people.

ABOUT BOOKS. I decide to try a solution to the problem of a lack of books here. A letter of request to the wonderful people in my address book ought to help. I prepare the letter and begin preparing the book list. With each title written beside a person's name, a little thrill of joyful possession goes through me as I think, "How *good* it will be to have *that* book . . ."

CORRESPONDENCE COURSES. A letter from customs informs me that the kids' school courses have arrived, so I tell everyone I am going to do some work for Daddy, and go to try to clear them. I would have told them where I am going but they would be disappointed if I am not successful. Happily, I secure the ten necessary signatures and official stamps and take my trophies home in triumph. Even the kids are thrilled with the surprise and think their new books will be interesting.

I enjoy a moment of smug satisfaction over a good deed done. Now Daddy won't have to waste a morning on customs clearance when he comes home.

FLOWERS FOR DADDY. We reserve Friday for shining the house, dusting the books, tidying here and there. A fresh arrangement of caladium leaves adorns a table in the living room, a bright splash of color fills a vase beside his desk — and we are all bathed and dressed and ready for the great moment. Sheila has developed a passion for planes so we have promised to indulge her by going to the airport to meet daddy. His plane isn't due in until one A.M., but we are so impatient we leave the house at ten. The announcement board at the BOAC desk says the flight is delayed until 4:15 A.M., and we are just wilted with disappointment. We can't waste all the effort though, so the kids have their way and we spend a couple

of hours in the lounge entertaining ourselves watching all the comings and goings. It feels a little empty coming back to the house alone.

Six o'clock — Through my sleep I hear a click at the gate! Daddy's home!

* * * * *

Dear Ones,

Often people want to know what it is really like to live and work in a foreign country like India. Some time back Barbara and I were discussing the problem of trying to adequately answer such a question, and we decided that words alone could not be enough — only a demonstration would be sufficient. So if you would like to feel how it would be to walk in our shoes, please try these suggestions during the coming week.

1. Leave your car(s) in some other driveway and either walk wherever you go or hail a taxi. When you get into the taxi be sure the air conditioner is off (if it's summer) or the heater (if it's winter). Close the doors lightly so that they make a good rattle as you go down the road, and roll three or four of the windows down in the pretence that they won't roll up. A knot in one or two of the tires and no springs would add effectively to the ride. Often the only phrase that comes to mind when I am trying to go somewhere in a taxi is "shattering down the road."

Of course there is no way for you to simulate a ride in a three-wheeled scooter so you'll just have to mark that one up as a foreign exotic!

2. Get out of the taxi, money in hand to pay what the meter says, and try to believe the driver when he informs

you that the rates were increased last night by fifty percent. Then decide what to do when he takes your bill and blankly points out that he has no change to refund what is owed.

3. As you walk down the street try to avoid walking over the cows lying in your path, and the fat mother hog with her brood that is digging around in the garbage dumped at the edge of the sidewalk.

4. Also have your children run along behind you pretending to be beggars, piteously pleading with you for money. The more commotion they cause and the more attention they attract, the more realistic the scene will be.

5. Go into a shop and ask to see a pan, about this large, and watch patiently and without dismay as pans of every size and type are brought out and spread on the floor before you. Choose a dented one, trying to be pleased with it, and then haggle with the salesman for ten minutes over the price.

6. Stop for a minute at the post office to mail a registered letter and stand at the end of a long line of customers waiting for your letter to be weighed. Then stand in another long line waiting to buy your stamps. Go to another long line and wait for the registration slip to be made. Wait in another long line to use the paste to stick on the registration slip. Then try to persuade a grumpy clerk to cancel the stamps for you so they won't be stolen. Stand in another line and buy one hundred air sheets and go home and dare anyone to write another letter for awhile that has to be stamped and registered.

7. Use absolutely no packaged products in cooking, and don't use anything out of your freezer. Buy a hunk of meat for your ground "beef" (only, don't buy beef because the cow is holy). Try to vary the meals using only

pork chops, potatoes, rice, onions, beets and cabbage during the hot season because hardly any seasonal vegetables are available during those months. Ask the grocer to charge you 35¢ a pound for his oldest bag of flour, making sure that it contains a good number of weevils and a scattering of worms. When you get home add a couple of spoons full of fine dust and mix thoroughly. Then sift it several times before you attempt to bake a light cake with it.

8. Make out a grocery list and then mark off five very necessary items (cooking oil, flour, margarine, bread, soap, etc.) and try to get along without them for a week because there is a shortage. Go back to the grocer's every other day and ask if he has gotten in his new supply. Hear his "no" and then look on in wonderment as the item you needed is "smuggled" into the groceries of some other customer who is more regular in patronizing this particular store than you are.

9. Pour two cups of fine white rice into a pan and mix it thoroughly with 2 tbs. of fine dust and a teaspoon of tiny gravels. Wash well, pick out all the rocks you can find, cook. Eat carefully.

10. Find a recipe for mayonnaise and make your own at home. For practice, you might try making peanut butter too.

11. Buy ice cream salt, mix it with various bits of trash, jute hairs and an occasional human hair, and then *imagine* (Don't really try it because I admit that there would be some difference in taste) trying to bake a cake or make a meringue with anything that heavy. For that matter, think how such coarseness would eat on corn flakes or puffed wheat, your two available cereals.

12. Use only two burners of your stove, and restrict yourself to one burner when you use the oven. Set the

oven by guess because it is really supposed to be only a metal box set over one of the regular burners.

13. Turn off your water for a day or two, and have it on intermittently the third day. Discover what an exciting thing it is to turn on a faucet and for a clear stream of water actually to run out. For the duration of your empathy program, though, don't use water from 10 A.M. to 4:00 P.M. because the city supply is off every day during those hours.

14. Think often about your favorite candy bar but don't buy one of any kind for several months. When you do finally get some bar of candy in your hand, try keeping your teeth under control.

15. If you are conducting your experiment in the summer, close the doors and windows and turn on the heat as high as it will go. Try to build the temperature up to at least 113° and turn on a fan here and there to blow the hot air. Experiment with possible remedies for the heat. Sitting in a tub of water helps; a wet cloth around one's shoulders cools; drenching one's clothes causes cooling evaporation; sprinkling the bed at night provides an uncomfortably damp solution (a wet bed is not pleasant to sleep on). Try hanging a wet sheet in front of the fan to cool the air and abandon the idea as impractical.

16. Enjoy a coke.

17. Boil all of your drinking water or use halazone tablets in it and try to enjoy it in spite of the taste. Invite people to visit you in your heat all day one day and try to supply them with enough cool water to quench their thirst. Figure out a way to cool the boiled water fast enough to meet the demand for more liquids.

18. Turn the electricity off for an hour or half a day

or all night, having a sporadic supply all week. Learn to develop from "Oh, no!" to "Oh, well . . ."

19. Set up a sand blaster about ten feet away from an open window and blow sand in your direction at least one hour each day in order to get your normal quota of dust. Leave it running all day one day and try to muster enough courage on getting up the next morning to somehow remove the coat that lies thick on and in everything.

20. Delay the whole operation for an hour and make a freezer of home made ice cream as a treat for the family.

21. Don't watch T.V. during your experiment; don't visit any relatives; don't talk on the telephone to friends or relatives; don't have time to do anything for entertainment or fun for a week. Then without resorting to any of the above-mentioned forms of relaxation, or any other common type of entertainment, try to find a "fun" thing to do that all of the family will enjoy.

22. Don't use deodorant for a week because it is not produced in your adopted country and your supply from home is finished.

23. Don't use your water heaters — not even for bath water. If you've managed to boost your temperature to 113° you will experience one of the sweetest pleasures in life: a cold bath on a hot midnight, and the thrill of feeling chilled for a few minutes.

24. Lock up all of your good furniture and furnish your house with odds and ends, collecting some of it from the junk yard. No matter who drops in to see you, try not to feel embarrassed about your inadequacies in food and furnishings.

25. Shave all week with very old blades in cold water. The blessing you will gain in ability to appreciate will be more than worth the scratches you will endure.

26. Ask the barber to cut your hair with scissors and a comb only. Try to get used to the gaps.

27. Get out a favorite dress and iron it, turning the temperature of the iron up and down to simulate current fluctuation. A scorched spot on the front will give the proper sinking sensation. If you could manage a few burn-outs of plug-ins during the week, a few untraceable electrical burning smells, and the melting of a socket or two you would have a wonderful air of realism for your empathy project. It would help, too, if the iron and any other electrical appliance you have could shock you occasionally — Search for but don't be able to find the cause: that would simplify things too much.

28. Wash all of your clothes by hand. Insist that each child in the family over eleven years of age wash his own clothes. Try not to be too upset by the growing number of spots that they don't get out. And try to figure out ways and means to persuade them not to allow *all* of their clothes to get dirty before they find time to wash.

29. Ask your father to mail you a package of two cans of syrup. When they arrive pay the postman \$15.00 duty for your gift and open the package expectantly, only to discover that someone in the postal system has carefully opened, emptied and resealed the cans, and has had the nerve to charge you duty on the gift you didn't get. Try to get the money refunded.

30. Pay the grocer \$1.85 for a one-pound can of powdered milk. Bask in the security of the packing (an aluminum diaphragm seal under the top of the can) that protects your family from the much publicized adulteration of foods. Discover two small soldered spots on the bottom of the can, revealing two ice-picked holes from the inside of the can. Wonder occasionally through the day and

when you can't go to sleep at night just *what* the adulterators *do* through those holes?

31. In the midst of all of this normal activity, welcome house guests for a week and try to make them comfortable and feed them well. —There's more, but you must be tired of pretending by now. Every place is different. Some offer one set of challenges, other places offer a different set. But we grow through challenges and at the back of every "hardship" or at the bottom of every discouragement, I find a layer of pure realization that says, "Thank you for this lesson."

Love, Betty

* * * * *

OCTOBER

Dear Ones,

After months of not getting two words to rhyme, I finally completed a verse that half-way merited a title and a signature. Perhaps you will think the subject odd, but it is one that I have considered several times since our return to India. The reason for this may be that very few of my proppings are left. No one would mistake me for fashionable — the two pants outfits I brought from home are so comfortable that the people who see me wearing one one day and the other the next day must be about ready to take up a collection for me. And J. C. and the children are equally stunning in their worn array!

The household furnishings are not much to take pride in either. I did buy a 50 cent vase and a 75 cent brass candleholder and another similar piece or two to adorn the tables in the living room. Last winter I considered for awhile the luxurious thought of buying a rug of some sort for that room but I decided it wasn't worth the in-

vestment, so the room remains rather cold and half-furnished in appearance. The putty has fallen out of all the nail holes in the couch and chairs, attesting plainly to the quality of work we got for the money spent. And do you remember the one splurge I made, buying that beautiful rocker from the Government Emporium? One of its joints slips so badly that the landlord heard it popping and knocking the other night and thought someone was chopping wood! J. C. discovered that water would cause it to swell so that it couldn't slip, so now we have to water the joint before we rock Shannon! Upstairs I mind the furnishings for only two reasons: we need book shelves and drawers so there will be some place to put things in at least a slight degree of orderliness, and I doubt that visitors who are unused to our charpoi beds really manage a comfortable night of sleep. But, again, we just couldn't decide that the expensive beds were a wise investment when we had no assurance we would be able to stay here longer than three months.

I am sure that visitors think we are poorly equipped and maybe they feel that we should manage better for needed facilities. But we have made decisions based on the exorbitant prices of some things and with the realization that we might not be allowed to use the investment very long. The result is that we are more poorly equipped than ever before. Probably even the local (poor) people look on us as poorer than themselves. Human pride has to do some adjusting to the idea of appearing to be more poverty stricken than one really is. It reminds me again of what shame and humiliation Christ suffered for us when He left the unspeakable glories of His position in Heaven to become a penniless object of ridicule among men. I keep finding more ways that I have to grow to become like Him.

THE QUESTION

*Do you ever, in reflection,
Ask the question of yourself:
What am I, without the trappings?
With the trimmings gone, what's left?*

*Do I stand secure in proppings,
Bolstered up with what I own,
Finding strength in my possessions,
Daring not to stand alone?*

*Do my clothes hide inner weakness?
Is my house a crutch to me?
Is the shine of gold and silver
All the sparkle others see?*

*If my clothes were rags and tatters,
If my house were but a shell,
If I had no proud possessions
Would I fare then quite so well?*

*If I stood alone, with nothing,
Having neither wealth nor debt,
Could I still by strength of merit
Gain the hearts of those I met?*

*Even greater is the question
(I must search my very soul)
If I stood bereft and barren,
Would I, myself, feel whole?*

Pray for our feet of clay.

Our love,
Betty and family

NOVEMBER

Dearest Ones,

These days are wonderfully "fallish", with cool nights and bright crisp days, except when they get a little limp from the warmth around their middles. But this is the time to be in India, and we are so very thankful to find ourselves still here. Our visas expired in June, and though J. C. has had to get re-entry visas on the two recent occasions when he has been out of the country, on his return he took up again his status of living here solely on an application. There hasn't been a word from the visa office, so we are happy to forget the matter.

During the time J. C. was in Indonesia for meetings, and more recently when he and Sunny were in Nepal for meetings with the church there, I had every intention of accomplishing extraordinary amounts of work. I stayed busy but was so disappointed that something or the other came up every day and at the end of the time I could not look back over the accomplishments with full satisfaction. I guess that is the story of life — goals far out in front, and efforts toward achievement reaching up and out but falling short of the expectations.

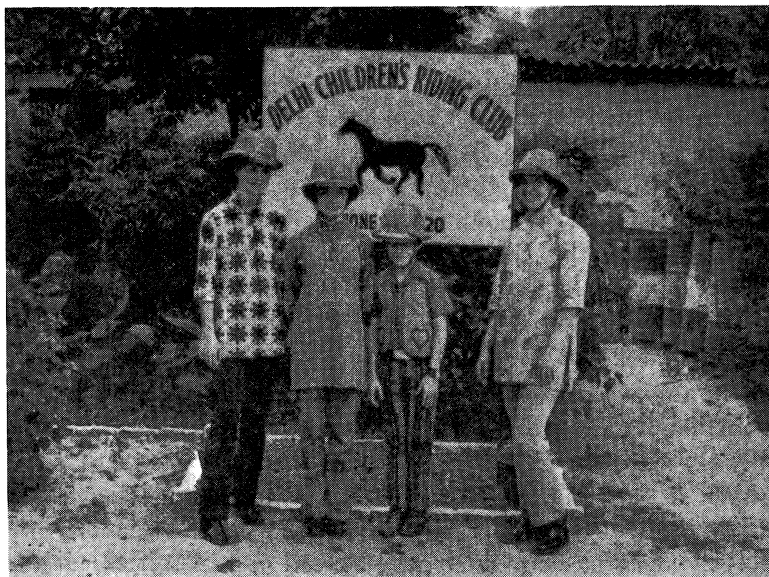
On Tuesday nights I am presently teaching a class of nurse students at a nearby college. Vipul and Barbara have been having studies with them for some time, and some of them occasionally attend our evening worship periods. It is difficult to move single girls of their age because they rarely go against the wishes of their parents, and so far we have not been able to meet any of their families. But we will continue to teach as long as they will listen, and maybe the fruit will come as they grow to greater maturity.

This past week a neighbor lady and I began weekly studies. Her name is Suragini Rao and she is a member of the Church of England. Please pray for both of us, that she may see the truth. We have printed several study books for use in the work here, and she requested that we use one of those as our guide each week. Only time will tell how much good these books will do in India in spreading the truth, and I am so thankful for J. C.'s decision to print them and for the generosity of our brethren in the States that makes possible the distribution of these books free of charge to interested people.

I want to thank, too, all of you who have generously and sacrificially responded to my request for books for the library for the church here. Through the years to come there will be questions raised, challenges made, error taught, and our preachers will need knowledgeable, reliable books to help them meet these opportunities. Your gifts of books now may help more souls and do more good than any other contribution you have made, dollar for dollar. So I cannot express adequate appreciation — but wait till you get to the judgment: God will be able to tell you the whole tally! Won't that be exciting, to find out how long a chain of souls you have reached out to?!

School has begun again. In fact the tests at the end of the first month of lessons are in the mail, and we are hoping the kids did well. Barbara has volunteered to teach Steve this year, and I am teaching Sheila and Darla. I am very glad to share the work load because Shannon still takes a lot of my time.

New things are being learned: the kids are taking riding lessons, which provide them with outside contacts, with exercise, and with a new challenge. At the most recent lessons, both Steve and Darla finally succeeded in mounting Fanta, the largest horse in the group, without the



Barbara, Sheila, Steve, Darla.

use of stirrups, so they came home glowing. At home, in addition to school work and Bible drill (On Saturdays we spend a short period of time in false doctrine challenges; I state some false doctrine as though I believe it and they must quote or find in the scriptures some passage to disprove it. We thought it would be good practice for learning to use the scriptures), the girls decided they wanted to learn to knit. Sheila is making a purple pancho for this winter. Darla is still in the practicing stage. Steve (of course he has to learn everything the girls attempt) accepted Sheila's much used "practice yarn" and is going right along in knitting a small blanket for a little wooden owl to sleep under at nights.

Shannon is in the wondrous stage of learning so much so fast. Last week he acquired new winter shoes, and

was pleased as punch when they were put on his feet and he walked across the room in them. This week he is the proud owner of a new potty-seat, so he is having all kinds of adventures. And these past few days he has discovered many new mouth contortions — such faces he makes! And he enjoys his clowning more than we do! Somehow he seems able to make himself the middle of everything the rest of us do — and we wonder how we'd do anything without him.

J. C. is busy with preparations for our up-coming meeting with Bro. Harvey Starling the latter part of November. He is also working on the preparations for a new Bible Correspondence program which we hope will lead us to many new people even here in Delhi. We hope you will pray for these efforts.

Thank you for the letters and the prayers. Don't forget us.

Love,
Betty

* * * * *

NOVEMBER

Dear Ones,

Today promised to be interesting before it even began because I heard Harvey (Starling; here for a gospel meeting) go downstairs early, and that had to mean something. It did. He had succumbed to routine Indian life and had developed indigestion and stomach cramps in the night: either he *did* eat too much fried rice last night or he has a bug!

Harvey felt sure he would not want anything to eat all day, so I had an early start on altering the plans for food.



The community hall rented for the meeting.

Dinner was to have been prepared for the seven of us, for Harvey, and for the Joe Cannons who (I thought) would be coming in the afternoon. Before breakfast I knew that Harvey would not be eating. (Cancel him.) I didn't know yet how many of the Cannons there were and I was wondering how much food we would need and how I would manage sleeping arrangements, when J. C. spoke up during breakfast with the information that their plane would be arriving at 10:45 P.M. Too late for even a late supper after the evening meeting. (Cancel the Cannons.) On the tail of that information came the announcement that the Chatterjees would be coming over from Old Delhi and would likely be spending the night with us. (Put the Chatterjees on for dinner — but how can I manage bedding for them when I don't even know how many of the Cannons to prepare beds for?)

The evening meeting was over. Attendance of the Christians and neighboring people was good, the sermon was excellent (Harvey was almost well) and Sunny's transla-



Sunny David, Harvey Starling, Joe Cannon,
J. C. Choate, Vipul Rai.

tion was perfection as usual. We thought he and Jasmine would enjoy fellowship with Harvey and the Cannons so we invited them over to dinner. They agreed. (Put the Davids on for dinner. And their two little girls, because they don't want to go home with their grandmother as planned).

At home, Vipul Rai and Barbara had gone to the Nurses' college to see some of the girls there, and they got back to the house just as we were about ready to eat. (Put on an extra plate for Vipul and fortify the roast, potatoes, carrots, and cauliflower in cheese sauce with the left-overs; macaroni-cheese, fried rice and sweet and sour vegetables!)

We had hardly begun eating when the Sandhus came over to ask if we would like for the kids to spend the night at their house. (Get a plate for Bette because these are all her favorite dishes, and give Juggi a cup of coffee since he insists he won't have more!)

I usually try to prepare enough of everything that there will be left-overs when we have guests, but tonight was an exception to the rule. Only one small piece of roast and a little cauliflower made their way back to the kitchen when cake and coffee time rolled around. Everyone kept commenting on how good the food was but I think it would have seemed very ordinary if it had not been accompanied by such laughter and enjoyable conversation.

And now everyone is happily bedded down: Harvey on a charpoi in Barbara's room, without his stomach ache; Brother and Sister Cannon and their young son, Robin, on charpois in the girls' room; Barbara on a pallet downstairs; Darla, Sheila and Steve next door; the Chatterjees with the Davids. And surely even Shannon will soon be asleep. What unexpected turns the day took — but how good all of the fellowship was!

Goodnight.

Betty

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JANUARY

Dear Ones,

Each New Year's Eve is a sort of checking up time for us. On December 31, 1968 we watched the ebbing of the Old Year and the birth of the New Year in Delhi alone. In '72 when we had returned to Delhi not all the Christians who had been baptized were faithful, and of the faithful not all could be present for the celebration; twenty-one sang the old year out. This year again not all who have been baptized are faithful, and not all of the faithful

could come for the party, but forty-seven fellowshipped the whole night through! It was a wonderful ending and a promising beginning.

Because of cold weather and widespread sickness we had decided that probably not more than twenty-five would be able to come. So I tried to prepare ADEQUATELY for twenty-five. Monday morning began beautifully with two batches of peanut brittle turning out just right. Then I made a triple recipe of doughnut dough and a triple batch of sweetroll dough, and another triple batch of roll dough — how hesitantly I committed those thirty-three cups of flour (at 30¢ a pound!). But it was an “auspicious” (as they love to say here) day for cooking and everything came out better than I had expected. We fried and glazed doughnuts and baked rolls all afternoon. In the evening we popped corn and fried peanuts and mixed them together in two large pans. We got the tea and coffee things out, mixed a generous amount of milk for the occasion, borrowed extra cups and saucers, and we were ready.

The Chatterjee family and Sister Lallen from Old Delhi arrived about seven in the evening. Since the trip takes one to two hours I knew they had not eaten, so we shared our hurried snack of leftovers and cheese rolls with them. Others began to come and join in the visitation and the final preparations for the evening. The Thompsons brought a chocolate cake, and the Davids brought two nut cakes.

Finally, at 10:30 everyone was here and the program of light entertainment began. All who wanted to have part added something to the program: a song, a musical piece, a joke. At eleven-thirty we turned to spiritual songs and hymns, and midnight passed in the middle of a prayer. I thought of all of those at home and of those in other parts of the world with whom I wished it were



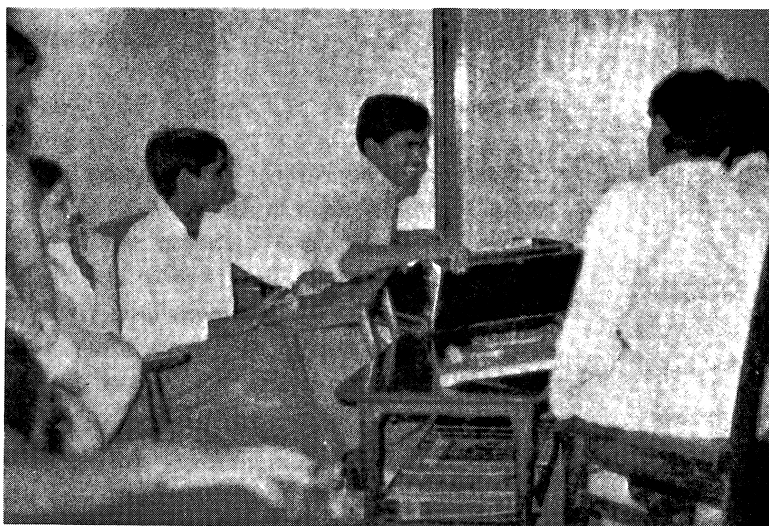
possible to share that moment — and then I thought of how many of them were spiritually bowed beside me before God's throne, and I was glad for that wonderful unspeakable oneness.

Thankfully, *adequate* preparations for twenty-five were *barely* enough for forty-seven, and everyone ate and drank and m-m-m-ed and chattered and laughed until some of the David boys gathered together on a mat in the "auditorium" and began to sing qwalies and ghazals. About that time the door bell rang and a fragile gray-haired little old lady in hightopped shoes, long skirt, and a shawl, came hobbling in on her cane. Everyone looked up with puzzled

expressions, and it was funny to see them finally recognize "Granny"—Barbara! She patted the little'uns and went over to pay her special respects to the ones of her age group (as she said). Then she laughed and flirted with the qwali singer, keeping everyone in stitches.

Sleeping bags were laid out on the floor for the children, and we turned from light entertainment to hymns again. Requests in Hindi and English were called out and we almost raised the roof. It was beautiful, even in my bedroom when I went to get Shannon back to sleep. I wondered how it sounded to the Sandhus

From five to six o'clock opportunity was given to all the men who would to lead in prayer, and not one was willing



Darla and Sheila among the group watching the David boys singing Hindi qwalis. Nelson made a drum of the table, Sampson played the harmonium, Samuel used the Indian banjo, and all of them joined in the singing of the typical Indian "fun" music.

to be left out. English followed Hindi and Hindi English, until all had made their requests of God for the church in the New Year.

The prayers ended the night's fellowship. Children were bundled up, coats were pulled on, scarves were muffled around, and sleepy farewells were said. By seven everyone had gone to his own home and we were ready to sleep away at least part of the first day of the New Year.

Isn't it odd how satisfying a sleep can be when one knows in the back of his mind that God and the brethren are near? The world doesn't seem one bit lonely . . .

Love,
Betty

JANUARY

Dearest Ones,

Kushbu—(perfume) is the word. My room is filled with it because J. C accidentally knocked over a bottle of it this morning and broke it all over the floor. All day I've had the subconscious feeling that I am at Simon the leper's house and Mary¹ has just anointed the feet of Jesus.

I think, too, how like kushbu it must be to God when His children are ready and able to speak for Him. He said in Hosea 4:6, "My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge," and lately I've been impressed anew with the continuing truth of that statement. In so many problem situations the average Christian today would not be "ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you . . ." And because we have not sufficiently studied and prepared, we are *afraid* to be confronted with certain questions and problems. The sad thing is that the fault lies not in the *evidence* and *answers available to us*, but simply in our failing to *learn* and *use* the answers. For instance:

1. Your teen-age son has begun to think for himself. He has never read any "scriptures" of various other religions in order to compare them objectively with the Bible, but he has heard of many people



in America accepting Hinduism. He wonders if those scriptures are not as valid as the Bible. Can you convince him, with proofs, that the Bible is the one true message from God?

2. You are trying to convince your friend (who believes in very little) that the Bible *is* God's word. In reply, he accuses you of having "blind faith". Can you give internal and external proofs that support your faith in the Bible being inspired of God?

3. Your son's science teacher is an avowed atheist, and he accuses you of believing in God only because your parents did and because you need the psychological crutch. What scientific answers can you give to show why you believe in God?

4. Your daughter has been taught the "Theory of Organic Evolution" since she was a small child in school. She is inclined to believe it is more scientific than the Genesis account. Can you convince her otherwise?

5. Your son does not accept the "Theory of Organic Evolution" but he has found a comforting compromise between that theory and Genesis in the doctrine of "theistic evolution": that God created matter but used the evolutionary process to develop it, and that the "days" of Genesis 1 were therefore millions of years in duration. Can you show the fallacy and unscripturalness of this thinking?

6. One of your friends believes that the Holy Spirit works in the same manner today as in the first century. Can you show the purpose of His miracles then, the promise of the cessation of them, and explain in convincing words *why* this is a "more excellent way"?

7. Another of your friends prays to God but does not really believe that God works in our earthly matters today because He does not perform miracles. Can you show

him the scriptures that teach of God's continued direct involvement in all the affairs of this world?

8. You have been taught that baptism and membership in the Lord's church are necessary for salvation. You realize that this separates the church from all denominations. Could you turn to the scriptures to teach these truths to your denominational neighbor?

9. Your husband really enjoys sleeping late on Sunday morning, and often a favorite television program interferes with Wednesday evening study. How would you show him from the scriptures that a proper love for God will bring him to each assembly, and that to forsake the assembly is to trample Jesus underfoot?

All of these questions are being freely fired at believers today; they are very common and you have probably already been confronted with most of them. If not, someone may demand an answer of you tomorrow. Will you be prepared and equipped, ready to answer with studied assurance? We can be deeply deeply thankful to God that he has not left us open to attack and defeat, but He has supplied every answer. Now our part of the responsibility is to care enough about the souls of (1) our sons, (2) our friends, (3) our son's science teachers, (4) our daughters, (5) our neighbors, (6) our husbands, to prepare thoroughly and to have the answers ready, in order to establish or build or strengthen their faith. It is not very likely that you will ever be unable to answer these questions for a rank stranger living on the other side of the world. That failure might not hurt so much. But the ones who are going to be depending on you for answers are the ones most precious to you, those of your own family and your close friends. To fail their souls would be a galling thing to live with now and through all of eternity.

FEBRUARY

Dearest Ones,

How happily unaware we pass through the days, coming unexpectedly against sudden shocks and hurts. Last Saturday night (February 2) I was listening to J. C.'s sleepy breathing beside me and trying in vain to go to sleep myself when a loud rapping on our window and Mr. Sandhu's voice calling, "J. C.! J. C.! A telephone call from the states!" brought us both bolt upright in the bed. We looked at each other in anguished questioning shock, dreading whatever lay ahead, because we knew that a call from home could mean only something very crucial. J. C. hurried into his clothes and ran over, and I followed with Shannon who had also waked up and was crying. When I got there, the operator was just putting the call through. His brother's voice said that his father was in a coma, following ulcer and gall bladder surgery, and that the doctors did not give them any hope that he would live.

We had known that Dad had been having a hurting in his stomach and that he had been hospitalized the week before for treatment of his ulcer. The letter we had gotten earlier that day from Mom said that tests had shown that he also had gall stones and so he would be transferred to the hospital in Memphis on Monday for surgery. There had been no indication that his condition was critical, and we felt that at sixty-eight he should be young enough yet to come through the operation without any great danger. Now, suddenly, we knew that his condition was gravely serious, and we came home with a feeling of anxious dread, wondering what to do. Naturally J. C. wanted to be with his family and to offer whatever help was possible.

During the past twelve years he had not been in the States longer than six months at a time, and had spent very little of that time with his folks, so we both felt that at this time when he was needed most he should not let them down. But so many obstacles stood in the way: it was Saturday night and the government offices were all closed for the weekend; he was in the middle of a lot of work here; a meeting was to be beginning in a few days. What to do? We prayed and waited.

The rest of the night was spent half awake, half asleep, praying often, dreading to hear another knock at the window. Morning came, and time for worship. Brother Ron Robbins who, along with brother Gary Walker, had stopped on their way to work in South India, preached during the Bible study hour. Brother Walker spoke during the worship period. Afterwards we gathered on the front lawn for pictures and some fellowship in the warm sunshine. Since the night and morning had passed without another call we were hopeful that Dad's condition had improved. But about 3:30 in the afternoon the telephone rang again. This time J. C. talked to his brother and his Mother. They said that Dad was worse and the doctor gave them no hope that he would live, but that they would leave it for J. C. to decide what to do about coming home.

J. C. asked Mr. Sandhu if there was some office open on weekends to handle emergency clearance for foreigners, and Mr. Sandhu volunteered to take him to find out. Our health cards were still at the hospital where we had left them to be signed after having cholera boosters, so while J. C. went to see about getting permission to leave, I went to get the health cards. When he came home about two hours later, everything had been cleared for him to go on the midnight Air India flight to New York.

After worship I packed a few of J. C.'s clothes. We had planned a celebration for his forty-second birthday just two days away, so the kids brought their presents for him to open, and then we had prayer together. Mr. Sandhu took us all to the airport where we watched him check through customs about eleven, and he was gone.

Since the folks at home didn't know J. C. was on his way, I was afraid to leave the house, expecting a call any time. We knew that J. C. would reach Memphis about eight o'clock Monday night, seven Tuesday morning by Delhi time. No call came Monday, nothing Tuesday. We hoped maybe he was better, but Wednesday afternoon J. C. called. Dad had died a few minutes prior (about two A.M. in Mississippi) without ever regaining consciousness.

When a father dies and a home is broken there are so many changes, so much that will never be the same again. For the children and me Dad's death hardly seems real, and it won't come to us in full force until we go home to see Grandmother, and Grandpapa isn't there. Steve was talking yesterday about the things they used to do together and how much he would miss him, about Shannon not having those memories to make him sad.

I was thankful that J. C. had gone home. I know from our experience when my brother was killed how much it means to be together to face such loss and grief. Mom will need help to get through these first weeks, and I am sure that J. C. will remind her as Vipul reminded us, "When a Christian dies your thoughts shouldn't be only of grief; you should think, 'He's just beaten us home — that's all!!!"

Please do pray for the family and for us here. J. C. will likely return to Delhi in two or three weeks, and Brother

Willis will accompany him in order to preach in the meeting that was postponed.

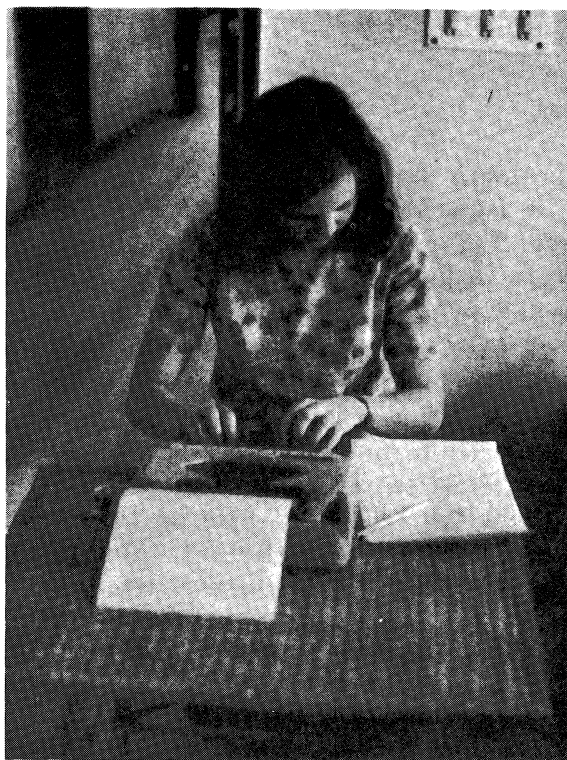
As for the month of January, the picture is encouraging: Already through J. C.'s work and urging we have reached a point in printing comparative with May of last year, so we are thrilled that the printers are getting the materials out faster. Four study books are presently nearing completion and the January-February issues of the magazine are in hand, with the March-April issues in the proof-reading stage. Attendance has been good, and a number of visitors from the neighborhood continue to come. J. C. and Sunny continued their studies with the Joshies after they came home from their prolonged visit during the holidays. Sunny's studies with another nearby lady and her nieces continue also, as well as Vipul's meetings with different people. On Wednesday nights we have been playing the John Clayton tapes for the church and all of us have benefitted from that. On Tuesdays we are presently playing them for the nurse students at the college. Mrs. Rao and I are still studying and she is making progress in her understanding. Barbara is studying with a young lady from across the street, and I hope to begin lessons with her mother. The Thompsons made confessions of negligence and have been welcomed into the fellowship of the church. She and I hope to interest some of her friends in having a class in her home.

During the month J. C. has spent much time on two Bible study books, working up fifty-two problem situation studies for one, dealing with Indian problems and viewpoints. The other book is thirteen lessons to be added to the previously printed and used "Church of the Bible" study. He has sent single copies or bundles of the books we have printed all over India and also to other parts of

Asia. Since almost nothing except small tracts is available to most Christians in this part of the world we feel that this is a vital part of our work here. The church can grow to maturity faster if it has good study materials to help increase its understanding of God's word.

Also, during the month, Sunny has devoted most of his time to the preparation of sermons for the forthcoming Hindi Radio program over Radio Ceylon. Since he is a rapid speaker and the program will be thirty minutes, the sermons will be lengthy and their preparation involves much time. To give you an idea of the problems involved, we were talking the other day about how hampered a person is when he has no concordance or commentaries or Bible aids in his own language. Think of all the helps in running references between kindred verses! None of these are available in Hindi! Can you imagine how much more difficult it would be to study and preach on a given subject if you had no concordance to help in the location of verses you needed to use? Sunny's solution is to prepare his sermons first in English and then to translate them, which is time-consuming. He plans to prepare and tape eight or ten sermons before the program actually begins, so we can have them as a buffer against possible delays once the program is begun.

Much more has happened during the month — the kids' studies go on and on — Shannon has become addicted to chocolate candy bars and now the importing of chocolate has been reduced or cancelled so they are hardly available anymore — Barbara and I seem to get further behind on our work all the time, but we keep trying and I live in hope that one day I'll feel young enough to work until very early several nights in a row and remove some of the backlog piled up on my desk! But here it is twelve-



Barbara at her "desk".

thirty again and the house is quiet and my eyes are heavy and I know if J. C. were here he would be saying, "Go to bed". So I'll say goodnight, and if I've left out too much in this report I'll depend on J. C. to fill you in on those things next month.

Thank you for your prayers and your help in every way. God bless you.

In Him,

Betty Choate and family

FEBRUARY

Dear Ones,

Romans 12:15 says, "Rejoice with them that do rejoice . . ." I ask you to rejoice with me because my cup runs over! The thing that I never thought would happen has become a reality: Daddy and Mother, and even O'Nirah and Kim and Betty Ann are here in Delhi with us! For so long we have tried to make this world real to them through pictures and descriptions, but we knew it was impossible. And we always felt badly to think that they had done so much to make our work possible, and yet their only joy of it was second hand through us. I longed for them to know the Christians here as real personalities, and I wanted them to experience the wonder of living here for awhile. Now all of those desires have been fulfilled. Last week they were present for our meeting and their voices were blended with all the others in the combination English-Hindi singing. They saw the part that the different ones take in conducting a service, they heard Sunny echo and mirror the speech and actions of Brother Willis and Brother Hallett in their lessons, they learned to say "Namaste" in greeting under Sampson's enthusiastic guidance, they stood around with everyone else after the services in the usual fellowship of talking and laughing and greeting one another. Daddy has sat at my bedroom window and watched our constant stream of humanity flow by, marvelling at all of the strange sights. Mother has cooked his breakfast on my good Indian stove, and has visited some in the neighborhood with me. O'Nirah has learned of new muscles she never knew she had, washing diapers in a bucket. Kim has decided that Lali David



The family together.

(the youngest of the David Boys) is really cute! Betty Ann has been her sweet smiling little self, going to everyone as though there is no such thing as a stranger in the world. They have shopped on Connaught Place and Jan Path, they have shattered around in some of our old taxis with their hearts in their mouths, they have gone to the meat market, they have had tea at the homes of some of the Christians, they have learned to value a letter, they have filled the lonely spot in our kids' hearts and ours.

I know that this rich blessing was undeserved — but I am so deeply thankful that God's overwhelming generosity brought them here. Thank you for your prayers and love and concern that must have helped to bring all of this joy into our lives. God bless you.

Love,
Betty

THE BURTONS AND THE MALONES VISIT

by J. C. Choate

The first week that Betty's folks and sister and girls were here we were busy with the meetings each evening; the second week I was away. So that left me one final week to do all I could to show them around. We kept them busy going to see tombs and other landmarks, and shopping for gifts for people at home. On Tuesday, March 19, we all went by train to Agra to see the Taj Mahal, Agra Fort, and nearby Fatepur-Sikri. It was a very busy and hot day but we felt that it was a must. We returned to Delhi late in the evening, more than ready for some cold water and iced tea and a good night of rest.

The Burtons got right into the spirit of things and went to the market some for Betty. Some of the differences that stood out in their minds, I think, were the traffic situation here and the dangerous driving of the taxi drivers, the cows on the streets, the number of beggars to have to put up with every time one goes out, the Hindu Temple they visited, the crowded conditions everywhere and the way people live. I took them to see where I have my printing done and to various other places that I thought they would be interested in. I heard them say more than one time, "How will we ever be able to tell the people back home just what we saw and explain in such a way that they can see it as we did?"

We are so happy that they got to come and that we had the opportunity of introducing them to Delhi and to India. We are especially glad that they could get to know personally the local members of the church. I am sure that they will never be the same again.

We were hoping and praying that none of them would get sick while they were here but this was not to be. Of all things, our girls were the first ones to get sick, and then Steve. O'Nirah kept saying that she would probably be vomiting before their departure and sure enough she was. As a matter of fact, she was very sick when they left and we were sorry about that.

The folks thought about leaving on Saturday, March 23, but we encouraged them to stay over until at least Monday morning lest they spend a part of Sunday traveling. This would be about two days over the 21 days that they were given on entering the country but I went by to talk to the Foreign Registration people and they said that this would be all right since they were not going to be staying any longer than that. I was happy that they would not have to fill out all of those papers, give a lot of pictures, etc., to get an extension of their time.

After all of the sightseeing, visiting, talking, and just enjoying the opportunity to be together, finally it all came to an end on Monday morning, March 25. We had a busy Sunday with the various worship services and then in the evening we helped to get everything together and packed. After a few hours of trying to get a little rest, we called two taxis and all went to the airport. There we checked them in with Pan American, and everyone said teary good-byes except me. I helped them get all of the papers cleared and through customs and then I said goodbye too. We then went up to the balcony and after waiting awhile, at 5:30 A.M., we saw the big Pan American Jumbo roll down the runway and zoom away into the early morning sky. We had enjoyed their stay so much and hated to see them go, but we couldn't be selfish for we knew that we had been blessed to be able to have them for this long. It had

seemed like a dream from the beginning and even more so now that they were gone. We now would be looking forward to their letter saying that they had arrived home safely.

We have now heard from them and they had a good safe journey and are already back in Winona and Greenville, Mississippi in their respective homes. We are so thankful that they are safely back. We are thankful that they got to come and feel now that in the future we will be able to talk with them about the work here, knowing that they can better understand what we are talking about.

AMERICAN PREACHERS

There are some brethren who have been involved in mission work, and who continue to involve themselves in mission work, who know from long experience the situations and the needs that exist in these places, and therefore I feel that it is good for them to visit for meetings and to help with the work in various ways. On the other hand, in these days there are many preachers who are "month" missionaries, and the time has come when I feel I must say something of my feelings concerning them.

As you may know, American preachers continue to come to India by the droves. While we were having our meeting some 17 came through. They had been in South India for about one month where I thought they were to conduct Bible Schools for members of the church in an attempt to teach them and to help them to grow and develop as Christians. However, these brethren told us that while they were down there, some 2000 had been baptized and more than 60 of these were preachers. Now I wonder what will become of these preachers. Many of them will perhaps get on American dollars and that without any particular training or grounding in the truth.

I have not especially said much about things like this in the past but, brethren, think just for a minute about what is happening. More and more preachers are coming, and often times those who have never been outside the States and have no concept whatsoever of what they are going to be faced with. They come for one month, do some preaching and teaching, baptize a lot of people, and head back to the States. What is the result? They spent a lot of money, spent very little time in India, had hardly any time to teach anyone adequately, were received and treated royally everywhere they went (that is, the local people welcome them, are hospitable to them, give them a lot of attention, express a lot of interest in them, and perhaps some of them are able to line up some support through the foreign brethren, if not now, at least they have a contact for later), and then they left for home thinking in terms that it would be good if they could do that again next year and the next. They come and stay and go, on the premise that it is easy to preach the gospel and to convert the people in India. They go home telling of all of those that have been baptized and the impression is left that everyone in India wants to be baptized and that everyone who is baptized is bound for heaven.

But let me now tell you some of the things they missed! They missed the test of endurance. Whatever problems and hardships and hurtful attitudes they encountered did not seem so bad to them because they knew that after a month they were going home. Things might have seemed different if they had known they would be here to work against those obstacles for a year or two or three. But in only one short month they could not have been faced with all of the many long and tiring problems that one has to face when he is living here over a period of time. They did not see the continual scheming and working for ma-

terial gains. They did not know of all the personal problems that every Indian has and is more than willing to share with you if you are around long enough. They did not have to cope with them week after week after week after week and to try to get people to attend the meetings faithfully and to see something spiritual instead of only the material. And besides the work of preaching the gospel, training the members, etc., they did not have to fight all of the red tape in trying to stay on, transportation problems, living problems, school problems, trying to get medical treatment when your children are sick, high prices, etc. I want to tell you something: The half has never been told.

I have traveled enough to know what it is like to briefly visit another field. On the surface everything looks great. The people seem interested. Progress is the word. Everyone is kind to me and wants me to return. I think how wonderful it would be to work in such a place. I think of all that I could do. To me it looks a lot better than anything that I have seen in a long time. And on and on it goes. But I have worked in Asia long enough to be able to see beyond all of that. I know that for the local man the story is far different. He has to live with the people and face all of the daily problems and varied situations after I leave. I realize that it is not what it appears to be.

To put it in the language of preachers at home, when a visiting preacher goes into a city to conduct a meeting for the local congregation, he finds everything prepared for his arrival. There is a place for him to stay. The brethren may invite him into their homes for meals or arrange for him to eat at a nice restaurant. He is served the best. Everyone is polite and everyone tells him what wonderful sermons he is preaching and perhaps several respond to

the invitation. He leaves with an invitation to come again. He also leaves thinking what a wonderful congregation this was. He thinks how blessed their preacher is to work for such a great group of people. However, that local preacher who has worked for two or three years with that congregation in that particular city or community may see things quite differently. He has to live and work with those brethren. He knows the members and their faults and their needs. They know him likewise. And if that visiting preacher could stay on for two or three years with that congregation as their local preacher then he would find things to be far different from his impressions during the week's meeting.

My brethren, I would like to see a lot of my preaching brethren come to India for a year or two or more and then read their reports. Of course if they came and sunk a pile of money into it by hiring all kinds of men then perhaps they would still be able to go away pointing to all they had accomplished. But I want to tell you that most of it would be on paper only. You cannot convert people here with only the gospel in most cases, and certainly not on a large scale basis. Furthermore, what kind of preachers are leaving their churches by the dozens and scores to become members of the church? Why are they doing this? Go back a year later and see where they are, that is, if they haven't been given a salary to tie them to the church. Even then, check: they may be taking double wages, from the church and from the denomination, and "working" for both.

Isn't it strange that American brethren will come here and work in ways that they have never used, and neither will they ever use, back in the States. They come here and expect to baptize people by the hundreds and to leave them and expect them to be faithful. We don't do that

in the States. Brethren come here and convert preachers and put them on full salary and that without any training whatsoever. We don't do that at home. But if a man has come out of a denominational church knowing that he is going to be hired by the church, why did he come? Perhaps he is just changing jobs. If he is not given any training, what will he preach? What he knows. What does he know? Denominational doctrine. That is what he will therefore preach. It is just that simple.

I am not necessarily opposed to preachers coming to India, or going anywhere else, if they will allow this to create within them a desire to return to the mission field on a long term basis. However, if they are just going for the trip and will then use this to excuse themselves from further work, then I feel that they are wasting their time and the Lord's money. If they are going each year only for a month or so, then I also think this is a waste of time and money. I feel that if we could take the money used by one of these large groups of preachers and put that on literature and spread it over India, in the long run this would accomplish far more good.

Another problem that comes up with so many brethren coming is that various ones of these preachers meet different local men that they are impressed with and then they get together and work out a little deal where the American preacher promises to get up support for him when he returns home. He knows very little about this man, his background, dependability, sincerity, soundness, faithfulness, etc., but he is willing to recommend him for support. The man may be a fake, an hireling, working not only this preacher, but others as well. But because this American preacher takes him at face value, convinced that he is a good man, he begins to raise some support for him

and then he feels like he has a little continuing stake in the work in India. He consequently has a reason every year or two to come back to check on his man or men. Brethren, no telling how many preachers are involved in this kind of thing. Furthermore, there are all kinds of things going on over in this country and it has about reached the point where I am ashamed to say that I have anything to do with India. If all of this sounds discouraging to you, forgive me, but I feel very discouraged about the whole thing myself.

Let me assure you that I am not writing this out of a heart of jealousy, competition, or any such thing, but out of a heart of concern. I might tell you also that if I really believed the way to do the job here was through hiring preachers on a wholesale basis then I could have hundreds on the payroll and would have swept the whole of north India with money. Brethren, there is no end to what can be done in India with money if one chooses to so do. Even of the good people that may be here, when we come in waving money and all kinds of benefits before them, how can we expect them not to fall to temptations for material gain? I refuse to be a part of this myself.

When you go into a place and simply preach the gospel and depend on it to draw people, the work is slow, as in most every other place in the world. For instance, here in Delhi it is a well known thing that we are not in the hiring business. I have had numerous ones to come by and in veiled language offer themselves to me for a price and even to offer whole congregations. If I had hired them, word would have spread and we could have had preachers lined up trying to see me about a job. But since I did not, word eventually got around that it was a waste of time to come to me for such support. Therefore

we have worked and worked, advertised, put out tracts, conducted Bible classes, etc., but the results have been slow. Perhaps I might feel that it is only that I am not effective, but we have had good preachers here to conduct meetings and they have not gotten any more results from their work than I have. We have advertised their meetings well, and have taken every step possible to have a good audience and to get the desired results. Still, we have never reached a hundred yet in attendance and hardly any of these preachers have been able to get any immediate responses to their preaching, excellent though it was. Of course I am aware that this is a large city and that this is North India where things are quite different from South India. But the fact remains that the use of money, or the lack of it, makes a lot of difference.

A LOCAL PROBLEM

Let me now get a little closer to home and to a problem that has just come up, or perhaps I should say, one that has been smoldering for a long time. Soon after we began work here, a member of the church from Valdosta, Georgia came through when we were away and he visited with Bro. Sunny David and his family. While here he invited Jasmine, Sunny's wife, to come to Valdosta and he would help her to get a job in the hospital there as a nurse. After this, on two different occasions Sunny began to make preparations for Jasmine to go to Valdosta. I managed to talk them out of this both times. Then on March 18 I found that once more Sunny was making preparations for Jasmine to go to the States. I found that he and Jasmine had been working on this for some time behind my back. The local members knew about it and some of them were encouraging them in it because they claimed that they were going in the interest of the work here. They

did not tell me, however, because they knew how I felt about it. When I did find out about it, I went over immediately to talk to Sunny about it. He didn't much want to talk to me then because he said he wanted Vipul to be present. I suppose he wanted Vipul to know personally from me how I felt. But we went on and talked about it some anyway. He said that he and his family were in bad shape economically and that they didn't know how long their support would continue and therefore, they had to think about the future for themselves and for the church. He went on to say that Jasmine would be going to the States and about a year later he would join her and that they would stay there for five to ten years. During this time his brothers would stay on here and continue to help with the work and they would try to earn enough to enable them to go into some kind of business when they returned. I then tried to show him how unwise this would be. I mentioned all of the problems they would be faced with: a different culture, a different economy, and problems that they never dreamed existed. I pointed out that it would be unwise for Jasmine to be going off without him and the children and that it would also be bad for both of them to live there for several years without their children or if they took the children that they would all get adjusted to a different way of life, and would never be able to return to India to live and work happily. I warned him that, in all probability, if they went that they would not return to India. I told him of the many others who had made this mistake, and had been lost to the cause of Christ. Of course he felt that they would be the exception. And so in the end what I had to say had no weight whatsoever on his thinking.

Since that time we have had two other discussions with Sunny about his situation. The first one was in the pres-

ence of Bro. Vipul Rai. Vipul himself was also strongly for their going. They said that we just couldn't understand their problem. It was pointed out that if Sunny lost his support there was nothing else that he could do to make a living here. Betty and I tried to show him that if he couldn't get a job here in India, how did he expect to get one in the States? Again he pointed out that they were just barely surviving, and how, they didn't know. I told him that they were making far more than the average person here in Delhi and that everyone who was having financial problems couldn't go to the States. He said that was right but that they could go and therefore they should go. And so it went, but with no way to change their thinking.

Sunny and I have never had any trouble or disagreements. We have hardly ever had a cross word, if at all. But on these occasions we could see that feelings were running high, so we told Sunny that we could not endorse his actions or encourage him in them in any way, but that if he and Jasmine were determined to go through with it then that was their business. We also assured each other that we were still brethren, that we loved each other, and that we would continue to work with each other as in the past. And so we will.

Just how all of this will work out, I do not know at this time. Right now, Jasmine is scheduled to leave on July 28 for the States and Sunny says that he plans to go within a year. I am very sorry that all of this has happened and I must say that it has caused me, as well as the whole family, to do a lot of thinking and soul searching about the work here. I had told Sunny in the past that I had met few in India who seemed spiritual minded and had a vision for souls. In him I thought we had found such a man and I warned him that if he ever disappointed me I

would have to pull back and do a lot of thinking about the work in India and just how I could best help with it because I had been repeatedly hurt and disappointed by those who had pretended a spiritual interest only in order to make economic gain out of the church. Now Sunny has done that which I prayed he would never do and I am having to try to think it all out.

Sunny and family have had our full confidence. He and his brothers have made a tremendous amount of growth. All who hear Sunny and come to know him are greatly impressed with him. I dare say that he is probably the best Indian preacher in India today among churches of Christ and that Vipul Rai would be next to him. There may be better preachers but I have not heard them nor have I heard anybody speak of any such preachers. Bro. Albert Gardner asked me back during our meeting, when he visited along with some of the American preachers, "I want to know: Where did you find men like Sunny David and Vipul Rai?" And this was the first time that he had heard either one of them: Vipul was making the announcements and Sunny was translating for Bro. Willis that night. This is the kind of men they are. So I had great hopes that Sunny would go on and grow in ability and influence in the work here in India and would therefore be able to do much toward leading his people to the truth. But with his plans for the States, none of this is likely ever to materialize.

What a shame to think of the damage this one American Christian has done. He suggested that he could get Jasmine a job in the States and as a result this is going to take them away from the work here and perhaps ruin them for eternity. Think of the years that may be wasted, of the souls that may be lost because of it. And how sad

that this has happened time and time again with American brethren visiting various countries and inviting the local members to the States. Oh, why can't we see the horrible thing that this does? Most all foreign brethren who have gone to the States have been lost to the cause of Christ or rendered worthless to the work back in their country on returning there. Why must that story be continually repeated?

I am sure that Sunny has good intentions but he and his wife are going purely for economic reasons and this within itself is the wrong purpose. In addition they are disrupting their family life, thinking of putting their three little girls in boarding schools for five to ten years and this would certainly be unscriptural. They are also having to turn their backs on their spiritual responsibilities to their people there, and that is contrary to God's will. I just cannot be for it and I pray that even yet that things may work out so that their plans might be changed. Please pray that they will stay here where they are needed. I know that Indians are having a rough time economically but I believe that they must solve their problems here and if they can't solve them here they surely can't solve them in the States.

Brethren, as I think about India it seems to me that this is what we are constantly faced with. If we go out and preach among the village people then they are looking for their immediate needs which may be some food, clothing, medicine, shelter, schooling for their children, or a job. But if you go to the educated people then most of them are looking for bigger things, which usually includes their going to a western country, America in particular. As Americans, and coming from a rich country, and being rich ourselves, as the Indians see us, then when we go out among the people it is just like waving handfuls of money

and air tickets before them. They can see in us hope for the future. Sometimes they are looking for immediate help but they can also be very patient and wait for a long time to make their move. After spending years here it just looks like it is almost impossible to overcome the materialistic yearnings that are uppermost in the minds of the people.

More and more, and especially after this experience with Sunny, I am convinced that the best contribution I can make to the work in India at this time is to try to print and distribute as much literature as I possibly can. If I can stay out of personal contact with these people, but get literature into their hands that will teach them and train them to obey God and to teach his word, then I feel that I have helped them in a way that I could never help them otherwise. It is ironic that we usually feel the need of making personal contact with the people in order to teach them and to have the most influence on them for good, but I believe because of the economic conditions that exist here and the unique problems that prevail, that just the opposite method is best in this country. I say this because I know of many who are firm followers of Herbert Armstrong or other men, simply because they have been fed their literature for years.

I must admit that I am discouraged, but I am not ready to quit. I have been disappointed, but I will not give up. As a matter of fact, we will continue to work hard here in New Delhi among the contacts we have but our main effort is going to be in the area of getting out more and more literature. Right now we have fourteen books on the press and we hope to bring out 50,000 volumes this year. I told you more than once that with the cost of paper going up, as well as the cost of everything else, it might be that we would have to curtail some of our work.

However, I decided that with the help of God and the help of my brethren, instead of doing less we would put forth every effort to do more. To do what we hope to do this year we are going to need at least \$12,000 for these 50,000 books. Then we are beginning in May on our fifth volume of our monthly magazine, *The Bible Teacher*. We started out with 1,000 copies a month and then this last year we raised it to 2,000 copies. In May we are hoping to go up to 5,000 a month. The printing on this alone will cost \$200.00 a month, and then we'll need \$60.00 or more a month for postage. But you should see the many cards and letters that are rolling in in response to all of the books that we are sending out, and all of the requests that are coming for the magazine, bundles of tracts, and other materials. I believe, brethren, this is where our work is at this time.

Let me urge you to stay with us on this program. Help us with more funds so we can get out more literature. Help us with the magazine and postage on it. We are in the process of beginning a campaign to find more support for these efforts. We need individuals, ladies classes, congregations and one and all to help us with this. While we are here we need to do all we can.

CONCLUSION

Yes, brethren, I wish some of my preaching brethren who have come over to India for a few weeks could see some of the things I see, hear some of the things that I hear, and share some of the hurts and disappointments that I have gone through, but to do that they will have to stay on for awhile. For instance, how would they cope with some of the things that I have just talked about? If they have the solution then they need to be over here where they can help solve these problems.

Thank you for letting me share some of my thoughts with you. I hope they haven't been too discouraging. Rather, I feel we need to discuss our problems to know where we stand and to seek means and ways of finding genuine answers to them.

God bless you there and please pray for us, for Bro. Sunny and family, for the whole church here, and for the brethren throughout India, as well as for all who want to help with the work here so that in the end we may genuinely help instead of hindering.

The Lord willing, I'll see you next month.

With our love,

J. C. Choate and family and Barbara Oliver

NOTE:

Just as I had finished writing my report, Bro. Gary Walker and Bro. Ron Robbins came in to visit with us after spending a little over two months in South India investigating the work there. You remember I wrote you about their visit with us on their way down there back on February 3. They were sent by the Sunset Church of Christ of Lubbock, Texas to make an investigation of the work in the Madras area. And you talk about an investigation, and coming up with the facts, and startling facts, they did! They entered into it with great hope for the work but they have come out of it very sad. I wish you could hear and know the story as they told it to us. I might hasten to say, however, that it came as no surprise to us because we have known these things for years. I have often said that if brethren throughout the States knew what was going on in India in the name of the Lord they would have to weep over it.

Their investigation was primarily of the area of work that Sunset has been helping, so no study has yet been made of all of the other work being done. But Gary and Ron found much of what is there rotten to the core. There were more than three hundred preachers on salary and many of them did not even have a church to work with. A large percentage of these preachers are members of the same family. Certain ones are known as "In Charges" and they have a number of preachers under them and are responsible in receiving the money from the foreign source and distributing it among their workers. Of course they could hire and fire and handle the money, and this made big men out of them. This also made "Bishops" of them. When going into these villages to check on the work, the few "Christians" Gary and Ron did find usually already had a story to tell. The preacher had prepared them for their coming, but it did not work. They were caught in lies and in some cases there were people physically beaten up because they exposed the local preachers. The work is almost entirely among the illiterate outcast people. Furthermore, it is almost entirely built on the former work of a Christian Church preacher in that area.

It could be said that Gary and Ron are only young men and that they came in purely to find fault and to destroy. However, this is not the case. They were sent by the church that supports the work in that area and therefore they have the confidence and background of those elders, with their conviction that they were adequate to the task. Furthermore, they would really have nothing to gain by bringing back a poor report. They know that many will find it hard to believe and they also know that some preachers will bitterly condemn them and try to discredit them. However, they are men of experience, with sincerity, and much dedication. They have come back with

careful tabulations of all that they have found in investigating more than two hundred "churches", and along with this they have also statements from Bro. James Johnson and a local man who worked with them in all of this. These statements confirm their findings.

To tell you the truth, during these past several years many foreign brethren basically have exploited the people of India and built up a situation to the furtherance of their own glory among brethren back home. This might be denied, but one would have to be blind in more ways than one not to recognize what has been going on. Therefore to be a part of it and to encourage it had to mean that it was in somebody's interest rather than the Lord's. On the other hand, the Indian people have taken advantage of the gullibility of the foreign brethren and therefore have been more than happy to use all of the money they cared to bring in.

This is not to say there are not some good people involved in this, and therefore all is not lost, but in the end the conclusion must be that there is very little worthwhile that is left. The work is primarily on paper, based on the number who have been baptized, and many of them have been "baptized" numerous times in order to help local preachers keep their jobs.

I blame brethren in the States for a lot of this because they have been willing to be deceived and to believe that baptisms were the most important thing, and have therefore insisted that we should pour in more money so more people could be baptized. Did brethren really believe this? Various ones have asked me about it, and after I have explained the real situation, they have said, "Well, I couldn't believe that people there were that interested and that it was that easy to convert people to Christ." But in spite

of this, evidently a lot of people did believe it because they have poured their money into India in unbelievable amounts. It looks like most of it has been a complete loss.

If all of the money that has been spent through these years could have been invested in the printing and distribution of literature, radio preaching over the station at Colombo, and used in other ways to really sow the seed of the gospel, then perhaps eventually something could have come out of it. Some of this work has been done, but most of the money has gone to support men who have been supposedly converted out of denominationalism. Bro. Gary Walker said they attempted to call all of these preachers in for a meeting while they were in Madras and he said you couldn't have found a rougher looking crowd if you just went out on the street and herded people in for a meeting. Also, on the tests they gave these preachers, many of them did not even understand God's part in salvation or man's part in salvation. They were confused concerning most of the simple truths they were asked about. Consequently most of them made very low scores, even though the questions had to do with the basic truths that they would have to know in order to adequately preach and teach the gospel to others.

Over these years I have tried to warn brethren about some of the things going on in India. I have written many articles for the various gospel papers to try to educate brethren on the work, but most of them have never been printed. I cannot say that this was in opposition to what I had written because I know that space in these papers for such articles is very limited, but at least the attempt was made. I would have said even more than I have said, but most brethren would have passed it off as coming from someone who was merely jealous of what

others were doing. At the same time, I knew that in time it would all come out. I don't know how this particular report (Walker's and Robbins's) will be received, and I don't know how it will affect the present work, but at least we know that we do not stand alone in our assessment of the work.

Gary and Ron have not made their investigation in order to hurt anyone. They love the missionaries there and they love the Indian people. Likewise, I feel the same. However, we cannot be blind to what is going on. We cannot encourage something that is not helping, but that is instead doing more damage every day it continues. Therefore, we must recognize the situation to be what it is and be honest and courageous enough to admit mistakes and to make the necessary corrections.

I might add again that this is not a time to quit or to give up. It is not a time to become despondent and discouraged or to have a tendency to pull back. We do, however, need to realize who we are dealing with, and that this is a country where Hinduism has prevailed for centuries and that their morals and values are different to ours and therefore it will take years of teaching and the proper influence on them before we can expect very much that is stable to emerge from our efforts.

Please pray for us and for our efforts to preach and teach the gospel to the people of India. Pray for the members of the church that they may grow and become stronger in the Lord. Pray for those who are hearing the gospel that they may receive it and obey it from the heart.

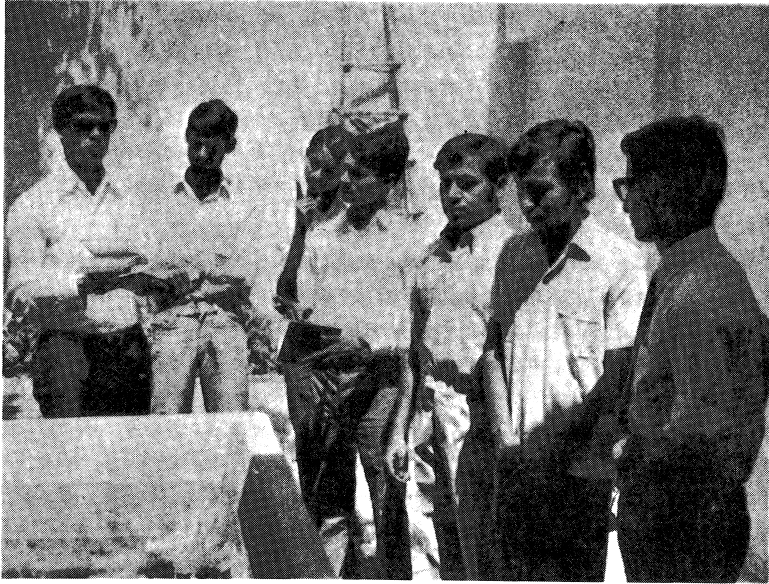
J. C.

MARCH

Dear Ones,

I think that surely in heaven there will be a perfect way for us to communicate with each other and we won't be dependent on words alone, for words are so inadequate. I have just read J. C.'s report, and I thought as I read that even though he had written in such detail and so lengthily, there was so very much more involved in the whole picture. But in trying to think how he could have written so that you would feel the full force of what he was feeling, and so that your thinking could cover all sides and every facet of the problem, to be able to realize the gravity of the situation here in India, I concluded my thinking with a feeling of despair: words alone are not enough; in order to be able to really understand, a person would just have to live for several years in this part of the world.

The church is an infant yet in doing mission work. We are too young to have any enduring experience ourselves, and we haven't yet learned to read so that we could at least profit by the mistakes of other groups. Perhaps most of those who are even aware of the brotherhood's program of work feel that we have the tiger by the tail and are really struggling in mortal combat with Satan's hold on the world. We are not doing that; we are only occasionally twinking a hair and Satan is as often helped by our methods as hurt, for even though it is true that money is necessary in order to plant the church in a country, we cannot buy the world with dollars and turn it over to Christ. This method did not work for the denominations and it will not work for the church because it is rare that



Reading the Scriptures before baptism.

those who are attracted by dollars would be attracted by the unembellished gospel.

Somehow the church has felt that in foreign countries people are different from Americans. In America we know that much ground work and teaching must be done before a person can be really converted from error to truth. We know that after his conversion he will slip back into error unless he continues to be taught and fed on truth. We would be very skeptical of converting a preacher from denominationalism and then immediately hiring him and sending him out alone to virgin territory to plant the church, because we would know that his understanding of the whole truth would be too limited for him to be able to scripturally cope with teaching.

These methods would not work at home, where we basically have a Bible background and where people can read and study for themselves. Yet missionaries have tried to make them work in many places in the world, where people are illiterate and have an idolatrous background. How can churches established in that way be sound?

One thing saddens me: we will not live long enough to see a mature church scattered over the world. These are the years of struggling by some means or another to get a foothold, the years of having to stake one's hopes for the future of the church on the few converts who seem sincere. That is why it comes as such a blow when a person, such as Sunny, who has seemed to have a vision for souls is suddenly blinded by the material world. Each disappointment, each short-fall, seems almost a mortal blow because we know what a precarious hold the church has in these countries.

There are denominational groups or men who have a strong following here, not because they have flooded India with preachers and money, but because they have had the wisdom to see that if the written message was the enduring method chosen by God for giving His word to the world then there must be great power in that method. So, without expecting a big splash of response at the first, they have patiently sowed their doctrine through books and magazines and tracts all over India (all over the world, in most cases) year after year, and now there are millions who so firmly believe their doctrine that they could never be changed.

If the church wants real converts and stable growth it is going to have to stop reaping wild oats and weeds, and start caring for souls enough to be willing to invest

money and time and patience in a program of seed sowing—then, when the seed has had time to germinate and grow we can expect to reap a real harvest.

This is what we want to do here in India. Can you be moved by the pitiful plight of this whole lost country? Will you help us to broadcast the seed? We cannot do it alone or without your understanding of the needs and the problems, but because we believe that you are sincere in your convictions concerning Christianity, we believe you will help us in carrying the burden of the souls of India.

Continue to pray for the church here, especially for the Davids, that they may learn to seek the kingdom first. And please pray for us that we will not be defeated by discouragement. God bless you.

In His love,
Betty

* * * * *

APRIL

Dearest Ones,

Today I have no real message to impart, no earthshaking news to write. I only want to talk. Somehow, more than at the first of the year, I find myself looking back to a year ago and wanting to see if we have made much progress on the road. As is always true of time, this measured year doesn't fit the literal measurement: reflection says it was an age, not twelve months. So many curves in the road have been rounded, so many hills have been struggled up, some valleys crossed, and we have viewed the world from the mountaintops on a few occasions. But I feel experiences older, not weeks or months.

I heard someone say a few days ago that God does not audibly answer our prayers today with a yes or no, that if he did there would be no problem. After thinking about that statement I have decided it was not correct. To make such a statement is to say that God has chosen to make things hard for us by not telling us verbally what our decisions should be. I am convinced that for God to speak would be the cause of more problems than we could imagine. How often do we tell our children, "You must learn to make decisions if you are ever going to grow up." We expect their decisions to be based on our teachings, our advice, their own experiences, and their own realization of judgement, and if we see that they are making a gravely erroneous decision we are likely to offer further advice and reasoning, perhaps even warnings of consequences. But we know that there can be no maturity without the ability to make decisions.

So it is with our relationship with God. His teachings guide our thinking, his wisdom enables us to reflect and judge and discern, we can depend on his shaping of all the evidence so that the answer will be there if we are sensitive to his guidance and have a willing heart to accept it, but He will not stunt our growth or our exercises in faith by saying an audible yes or no.

Our lives today show, I think, God's providential shaping and guidance toward the direction He wants us to take. From the earliest years of J. C.'s conversion, the reaching out and influencing others beyond his physical limitations was not only natural, it was imperative. Always, he has felt that he had to work with those who came within his physical range, but he reasoned that whether that work finally had small or great significance, he was compelled to strive to reach further than that. So he has

written—notes, reports, articles, books, using every means open to him to try to touch the lives of the reading world.

Through the years we have seen progress and set-backs in our local work. There have been times of elation, times of great disappointment and discouragement. But behind both of these feelings has been the realization that if the local influence were all we were trying to accomplish, then in the end it would seem a small total for a lifetime of work. Steadily deeper has grown the conviction that our real contribution in God's kingdom lies in our pens. The church in America is a lethargic giant, unchallenged by a knowledge of the world and its needs. We have been writing for years now, adding our bit of fuel to the fire, attempting to stir the giant. Today we feel a greater compulsion than ever to write, write, write! There are so many things that need to be said, and the need is growing more urgent as we realize that American Christians are blindly letting opportunity slip through their fingers.

In foreign work we have dealt on a personal level with people for years. Some sound converts have come out of this, but again we would feel very defeated if the only seed we had sown had been by word of mouth. Recent developments in the work here in India have convinced us more deeply than ever that for the sake of the Indian church on a nationwide level, we must subordinate the need to see immediate and visible results to our work, and concentrate our whole energies on massive sowing of the seed so that truth can be allowed to permeate the whole fabric instead of only a few threads along the border.

Books and booklets, allowing a thorough study of vital truths, are the work we believe God wants us to do in India. These "preachers" can go into a home and remain there permanently, declaring truth over and over until it



E-10-B; advertisement for a filmstrip meeting.

has had its effect in molding the thinking of the readers. We want to print and distribute 50,000 of these preachers over India this year, along with 500,000 small helpers in the form of tracts. These books will be preserved and will live and work through the years to come. And just as there are strong Communists here because of literature, and strong believers in Herbert Armstrong because of literature, in time to come there can be strong believers in truth because of this literature.

With the continual rise in the cost of printing and the other working expenses, you can see from the financial report that the money coming in each month, is not covering the bills. We have the choice of cutting back in our

work and merely trying to remain here and work with the people we can study with individually, or of going on by faith to do the work we feel must be done, trusting that God through you will supply the money to pay the printing bills. Half of these books in our goal were given to the printer since January and the work is nearing completion. Will you consider and pray earnestly over the possibility of your helping to meet these committments?

You could help in one of several ways:

1. You could personally buy 1000 of these books for a total contribution of \$200.00.

2. You could buy 100 books each month for \$20.

3. You could encourage your ladies' class to make the printing of 1000 books possible, having this as their special project to sacrifice for, a couple of months.

4. The young peoples' class might want to print 100 books by giving of their coke and fun money for a month.

5. The church might make a special contribution toward this urgent need.

I am sure that you can think of other ways to help us meet these bills, and we certainly pray that this will weigh heavily in your heart and prayers and that you will not forget.

You know the great commission is a command that applies to all Christians, just as baptism applies to all sinners. Some Christians can go physically into all the world; others must keep the fires burning at home. We could go, so we have gone, and we're not complaining about that. But while we bear the health hazards and the heat and the food shortages and the heartaches and

the disappointments and the frustrations and the responsibilities, must we also carry the continual additional concern of how to raise enough money from brethren at home to go on with the work we know must be done? Brethren, please free our hands to do this small thing for India.

In His love,
J. C., Betty and family

* * * * *

MAY

Dear Ones,

Incessantly we grow. If there were some way that we could make an accurate picture of our minds at the beginning of each year we would probably be amazed to find in comparing two consecutive pictures just how much we had gained in experience and understanding, with hardly any awareness of the change.

Long ago the word "India" was synonymous in my mind with "exotic" and "450,000,000 people". There came, eventually, a time when we lived in India for eight months, and my understanding passed through several new phases of development. First there was the exultant joy in being here. Then, simultaneously came the despondency that accompanies trying to learn to live in an under-developed country, and the burden of the acute realization of the millions of lost souls in India. Finally, both of these feelings leveled off in acceptance of the problems and in learning to deal with them. When we left India in June of

1969 I felt encouraged that a toe-hold had been made and that the Lord's church had a future in Delhi.

When we returned in December of '72, I felt again the happiness in being here. And again there followed the despondency and the burden of now 600,000,000 souls. The settling in and leveling off period came too. But in the process of all of this has come a deeper realization of the true picture here, less distorted by my own ideas and ideals than was perhaps true in the past.

The most easily discernable attitude is that expressed through the newspapers. Each day we find several articles that are extremely outspoken in their bias and prejudices and condemnation of the United States. During our previous work here, there was some of this in the papers, but the "hate America" campaign has been alarmingly intensified. In our own hearts we realize the effect of such propaganda when we feel the seething anger rising inside in defence of our country and our people. And we know that the Indian public, being fed constantly on such distortions and criticisms and deceitful statements, and knowing no different story from personal experience, must be influenced to accept that attitude toward America and Americans. Because of the traditional Indian politeness, the hatred and feeling of being exploited do not appear on the surface; dealings between Indians and foreigners are very polite until some problem develops and then with unwarranted cutting bitterness the Indian makes his true feelings known: All of the problems here are the fault of the rich western nations that are continually exploiting India, robbing and mistreating her. With such an attitude as the foundation for other realations to be built upon, it is almost impossible for anything real and stable to be developed by the foreigner.

The second attitude, and the one more difficult to finally admit, is the Indian's attitude about spiritual matters.

India is, and always has been, a nation of poverty-stricken people. When denominational missionaries came into this country they saw all of the physical needs of the people and, whether they set up social programs out of humanitarian feelings or as an unscrupulous means of winning and holding converts, they emphasized their social work above spiritual teachings. The result has been disastrous. At best, it seems hard for humans to keep uppermost in their minds the existence of their souls. Here, where feeding and clothing the physical bodies of the poor has become synonymous with Christianity, there is seemingly no sight of the soul at all. Recently I have studied quite a lot with a Mrs. Chauhan in our neighborhood. She is a very sincere, humble, religious person. Our studies have been frank and open, and her understanding of the truth has been clear. She realizes that the church is distinct from denominations, she confesses that she has never obeyed the gospel, that she has never been saved according to the Bible, that her family and friends are lost, and that they are dependent on her to share with them the truths she has learned. But she has stopped attending the worship services, and does not come for studies any more. Last week I stopped in to visit her, and her husband was home. In the process of our conversation he told me of one of his uncles (a retired Methodist preacher) who "has spent years in the village doing the real Christian work: helping the poor people." Never mind that both Mr. and Mrs. Chauhan know that Methodism in not truth and cannot save even the first soul, but will in fact bring about their condemnation; their idea of the real work of Christianity is ministering to the physical needs. And

their concluding statement was that the doctrine was of no importance.

This attitude of reducing Christianity to a charitable society is typical of almost every Indian's thinking. Everyone seems to be looking for material gain in his dealings with the foreigner. Physical gain, taking advantage of the "wealth" of the "rich" foreigner, turning Christianity to one's own material gain seem to be the goals of most who come in contact with it. As long as some physical good is done by a person or group then they are counted as good; the question of the eternal welfare of the soul seldom enters the picture.

The second problem is also an outgrowth of the lack of realization of the soul. Mr. Chauhan concluded, "We would prefer to stay with the old paths of our forefathers..." I know that people all over the world tend toward this attitude but it is heightened here by the fact that security in the social world is bound up to a very great degree in "the old paths". If one leaves the established pattern his family and friends ridicule him as unstable, he becomes an outcast from his former circle of friends (and the church is too young and small yet to offer another circle), he loses the prestige of buildings and boards and conferences; he wonders where he will find mates for his children, how they will be married; he fears the collapse of the church and his own resulting disgrace if he has become a member of it. People don't seem able to see that if this represents truth then nothing else really matters, that all of the social problems would be as nothing compared to eternal condemnation. Actually, those two opposites never seem to enter the picture. In their minds they see the physical make-up of the church of which they

are presently members, and they see the less advantageous make-up of the Lord's church, and so naturally they stay with the "old paths." Never mind that the price is eternal condemnation; that is not even worthy of consideration.

The same attitude is found to be true over and over. Either a person seems not to realize he has a soul, or he lacks the courage to make a stand for truth if it means he will have to stand with the minority. Mrs. Chauhan asked one day, "Why did nobody come to India to teach these truths before?" A few years back I would have been hard pressed to have known how to answer that question, but I have grown enough to realize that we Americans do not hold the Bible and intelligence under lock and key. So I simply said, "I don't know why people in India haven't done as Americans did years ago, to read and study for themselves and to determine to leave denominationalism and to go back to the New Testament pattern for true Christianity. I don't know why no one did that. But we have come now, and when a person learns that truth then he is responsible for accepting it and helping to bring that truth to the rest of India." But she has not chosen to take that course, and the same attitude has been true of so many that we have studied with here.

It is because of these attitudes that we feel we must change our method of working here in India. Our own years are flying away from us, and we could spend most of our little remaining time futilely studying with people who have not been mentally conditioned to accept the truth even when it is taught to them. People must learn that the gospel is not food and drink. They must learn that the soul is the part of man that God has worked to save since before the foundation of the world. We are convinced that teaching these truths over and over and over



Christians in Delhi after a morning worship period.

again by mass media (literature now, radio later, if the obstacles can be removed) is the work we must do. And if we lay the foundation well, maybe in the coming generation there will be a different attitude for further missionaries to work with, and more hearts prepared for the acceptance of truth. Maybe then they will even find Indians who will shed tears over the thought of being lost—a thing common among Americans but something we have seldom witnessed here.

Love,
Betty

NOT BY SIGHT

Betty Burton Choate

May 29, 1974

*I do not know the path, dear Lord,
That you would have me take;
No lamp is shining in the night,
No finger points the way.*

*The fleshly man cries out for words
To guide the stumbling feet;
He fears the dangers in the depths,
The sorrows, tears, defeat.*

*The inner man with timorous voice
Keeps pleading to be heard;
He knows the pledge you've made to man,
The promise of your word.*

*He tries — Oh Lord, he tries
To help me walk by faith,
To tell me I must learn to step
Although I see no way.*

*And, Lord, I ask your added strength
To gird the inner man,
To help me learn to trust your eyes,
To wait your guiding hand.*

*I'll see the light, I'll know the path
As every step unfolds;
Please help me learn submission, Lord,
Please guide my trembling soul.*

JUNE

Dearest Ones,

No matter what I say I know I will fail to get across to you the full concept of our thinking today, because I know that twelve years of personal experience in working in this part of the world were necessary to bring us to the realizations we have now.

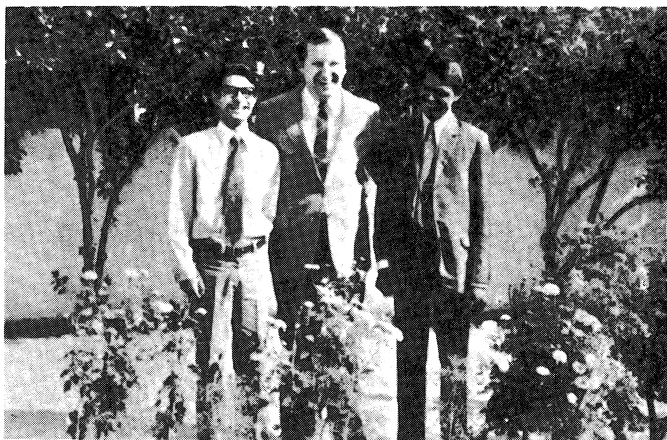
In 1962 we moved to Karachi to plant the church in that city; in 1967 we settled in Colombo to make a beginning there; in 1968 Delhi became the city in which we chose to work to teach people the truth. In each case we wanted our influence to be as wide-spread as possible, but our primary concern was with the individuals with whom we were personally working in the cities in which we made our homes. Our hope was that truth could radiate from these centers. And that hope has been realized to a very limited degree.

But, continually in the backs of our minds we have been plagued with the question: How can we work more effectively? How can we really evangelize these countries? We knew that, compared to the over-all need, so little was being accomplished that the whole idea of evangelizing the total population was hopeless. Many steps of growth and of realization of attitudes and problems around us have brought us in recent weeks to the threshold of a new phase of our work. The church in Delhi is still small, but the members are perfectly able to carry on the local work program without us; better able to do the work than we, in fact, because they do not have to overcome the stigma of being foreign. With this realization, and the broader realization that much of India will never hear the gospel

unless we raise our eyes to include the whole nation instead of primarily Delhi, we have been working into a nationwide program of teaching through monthly magazines, full length books by brotherhood writers, and tracts. Accumulated experience has convinced us that with the basic Indian attitude of materialistic gain where the subject of Christianity is concerned, a massive program of ground-work teaching *must* be done before a stable church can grow from an internal restoration movement. For too long brethren have been trying to harvest a bounteous crop where very little clearing and cultivating had been done. It will not work. A whole system of false thinking, false ideals, false religion, false desires, is too deeply ingrained in the minds of the people for true Christianity to spread like wildfire overnight. We can fool ourselves and do a lot of harm, or we can be honest and admit that many years of long, hard work and widespread teaching are going to be necessary if the influence of truth is ever really felt here in India.

Our problem is that we need help in order to carry out the extensive program of work we have in mind: personnel and additional funds to continue and increase our printing work. We had intended, when we returned to India, to stay until next summer, but with our present feelings concerning the work that needs to be done, and with the feelings of urgency that we have every time we think of the 600,000,000 people already here and the additional thousands that are born each day, we have been wondering if we would be wise to lose another year in pushing the printing work to greater capacity.

We have weighed and discussed and prayed and waited, wanting to do what was really best for the work. It has been a trying time of uncertainty because of the many pressures we have felt. Last night J. C. was saying, "If



Vipul Rai, J. C. Choate, Sunny David.

only something would happen so that we would *know* what to do..." This morning there was a letter in the mail from the registration office concerning our visas. When J. C. went down they told him that we have until the expiration date of our previous application (June 22), but that no further extensions of time will be granted. So the answer has come. We cannot stay here, and we are too deeply committed here financially to try to go to some neighboring country to start the church. So we go home. But we feel that, rather than this being the end of our work here, it is only the beginning of the best efforts we have ever given to India. With your help in supplying money for books already on the press, and with J. C.'s work in the States during the coming months to raise money for next year's work, we have hope that we have never before had when we think of the challenge of evangelizing India.

J. C. will be returning to Delhi around the first of the year. In the meantime, the printer will be completing

the books already in his hands, the local brethren will be sending them out — and we still need help. Please work with us on this commitment for India so that the people here really can feel the influence of the gospel. I have never known a people who needed the uplifting strength of truth more.

Write us at Burton Drive, Winona, Mississippi 38967.

Our Love,
Betty

* * * * *

AUGUST

Dear Ones,

Do you remember Lilani Gnanasundaram, the little girl whose life so many of you helped to save by making it possible for her to come to the States for heart surgery in March of 1970? She, along with her father and mother, returned to their home in Colombo, Ceylon after three months. From that day to this, Lilani has not had the first minute of sickness or trouble with her heart. In every way she has been a very normal little girl, growing up with all of the strenuous activity that is a part of childhood. In January of 1971 J. C. and I visited the church in Ceylon, and we were there again in April of that year during a month of curfews and political disturbances. The last glimpse I had of Lilani, she was in the process of climbing the wall that is around their house!

Three years have added several inches to Lilani's height and several pounds to her middle! In fact, when (at last)

we were blessed to visit Ceylon and the Gnanasundarams again last month, I had to yield to the temptation to tease her a little about getting fat! I wish you could have seen her wide pretty smile and her sweet shyness. In these years she has been attending an English medium school so she speaks fluent English now as well as Tamil (her mother tongue) and Sinhalese (the national language). She has also learned to be a very good helper (along with her younger sister, Cynthia) in clearing the table, washing dishes, cooking some Ceylonese dishes, sweeping the floors, and washing Daddy's car. I was thrilled to see how responsibly and efficiently she worked, and what willing hands she seemed to have.

The whole of our visit to Ceylon was thrilling because of the progress that is being made there. Reggie and Mahes insisted that our big family stay with them, and so we inconvenienced them for nearly a week. They showed us every hospitality, and Mahes rose to the challenge of managing food for such a large group with no apparent strain. We thoroughly enjoyed the varied Ceylonese dishes, and the wonderful fruit: papaya, pineapple, ramadans, jack fruit, bread fruit—they even offered some durian but we said no, thank you, on that; we haven't yet been able to get past that fruit's smell in order to taste and see if it is as delicious as everyone says or not!

Reggie habitually takes his kids to the nearby beach every morning at 6:30 for a run along the shore, so our kids joined them while we were there. They never seem to get enough of the ocean, and since many of the homes are only a block away from the breaking waves, they always wanted to walk down to the water when we were visiting in those areas. Ceylon has changed in some ways—fewer things are available, and inflation is soaring, so

many people are migrating to other countries, but the general appearance of being a green island paradise is still the same. We can never go there without feeling some pangs of longing to stay.

But a look at the church as it is developing makes it apparent that we do not need to stay there; the initial seed has been sown and the church is making wonderful progress simply through local development. A foreigner there now would only complicate matters by attracting the wrong kind of people and by unintentionally turning peoples' minds from the gospel to all kinds of material goals. An occasional visit for gospel meetings, helping to supply needed materials for the work, providing literature for distribution, offering advice and encouragement through regular letters—these are the best ways we can help them to grow, and these are the things we intend to continue to do for them, leaving the personal evangelism of the Ceylonese to the Ceylonese.

On Sunday mornings the church meets in the Edwards' home, with the service conducted in Tamil by Brother Duraisingham; in the evening there is a service in Reggie's home in English. The Sunday we were there, forty and seventy were present at the two meetings. In addition to these, a lady with whom Reggie has been studying arranged a meeting of the women in her neighborhood and I enjoyed the opportunity to talk to them. The next evening there was a gathering of about forty-five people in the home of another family where Reggie was showing the filmstrips, and J. C. spoke to them about the plea of the churches of Christ. We were so happy to see the growing interest and enthusiasm among those who were yet in the process of being taught the truth, and among the members of the church. Reggie is very wisely seeking to

involve every Christian in some phase of the work, as soon as they are baptized, and so far very few have slipped back after their conversion.

So, if you have ever wondered if the dollars you gave to help Lilani live were worthwhile, let me assure you that you did much. I know that the experiences Reggie and Mahes had at that time opened the door to the world they live in now. If Lilani had not gotten sick Reggie would still be overseeing the baking of cookies, and many many people who have had the opportunity to hear the truth would not have had the opportunity; and the wonderful souls who make up the church that meets in his home and the congregation that worships across town would not be there. I remember how I cried when I first read Reggie's letter of Lilani's heart condition because I felt that it would be nearly impossible to supply the help they needed. How much better we can see God's design when we have moved on down the way four more years, and now we can see that Lilani's problem was no problem at all but merely a key in God's plan to bring many waiting people into His family!

I wish it would be possible for you to see on this earth what you have helped to do. But if that is never possible, one day you can discuss it all with those brothers and sisters that you have reached out to and helped to save. They are thankful, and so am I.

God keep us all close to Him.

Love,
Betty





AUGUST

Dear Ones,

We've been home almost five weeks now but I still feel suspended between two worlds. The reality of life in India is so fresh in my mind that every small thing in day to day existence here in the States has to be mentally laid beside those corresponding experiences and compared. How different everything is — how blessed we Americans are in abundance and riches, and yet how extravagant and wasteful we often are. I look at our car in the driveway and remember the aged rattletraps that are taxis in Delhi, and into my mind flashes a picture of the countless junk yards that testify to our wealth that enables us to scrap cars long before they would be counted as worn out by the rest of the world. I hear people talk of buying new drapes to replace the ones they already have, not because they are old and faded but simply because they are tired of them, and I remember the windowless mud houses that shelter most of India's population, and the one and two room "apartments" that most city dwellers live in — who, there, would ever think of discarding a curtain on such a whim? I watch people scrape into the garbage can or food disposal the good left-overs from a meal, or see mothers overload their children's plates with food that will not be eaten, and I see again the big-eyed children of India who picked through the garbage dump across the street from our house. I hear women complain about having nothing to cook and about high prices, and I compare our endless variety of foods with the dal and chapati that compose the average Indian diet and I remember that more than half of the Indian income has to be spent on food because of the high prices there. I see our wasteful

use of God's precious gift of water and I visualize the long lines of Indian women waiting to fill their pots, and I remember the newspaper report that said that more than half the villages in India do not even have a safe supply of drinking water and that women often have to walk a mile or more for every drop they use. When I pick up the kids at school I look in amazement at the children that tear out of the parking lot, masters of such big dangerous vehicles before they have the maturity or judgment to be able to drive, and memory calls up again the two-and three-block-long lines of people waiting for a bus to go home from work in a country whose economy can't afford even enough buses for transportation for the working people, much less the two or three cars per family that we have grown accustomed to.

In our worship services I see how well dressed everyone is. We do look like "rich" people, and so I listen in wonder as complaints are made about having nothing to wear — and I remember that in India people wear clothes as coverings until they are worn out, and stylish colors and fashionable cuts are foreign terms for the majority. Our modern kitchens can hardly be compared with the Indian woman's kerosene burner sitting on the floor, her pot of water or perhaps a faucet, her few little cans of odds and ends of staples, the floor her cutting board and working table. While we freeze and can and preserve food, or buy the foods that are commercially prepared, so many Indians live from one ration date to the next, eking out an existence, doing without if they cannot make the wheat or rice or sugar last, never buying fresh vegetables or fruits because they cannot afford them, and they have no spot of ground to raise anything to supplement their diet. We have high electric bills and turn off the air conditioner and think we will melt in the heat — and Indians suffer through six

or eight months of smothering temperatures every year with no hope of ever having any relief from it. We go to worship, having done it so long that we have forgotten what it was to be lost, and we are impatient to get the service over with and get on to our other plans for the day — Indians don't know yet they are lost, so they haven't yet had opportunity to be bored with the truth . . .

My point is not to make us feel guilty that we are rich.

Sometimes I wonder, though, why God has blessed our nation, and us as individuals, with so much. It isn't because He loves us more than other people, because He is not a respecter of persons. So I can only think that it is because our country was founded on faith in Him, and because He sees potential in us that can be developed into explosive power for His use. How sad it must make Him to be able to see the whole world, and to see how lavishly He has showered riches on us while most of the rest of His creation is struggling along in deep poverty, and to hear our petty complaints and to see our wastefulness with the gifts He has given us that can never be replaced. How unworthy we must seem of such special blessings. And how disappointing it must be for Him to know what He could do through us but cannot do because we are blindly caught up in the trivialities of daily existence. I think of myself and our children and of how I would feel if they did me as we do God, and I feel so *ashamed*. Surely, surely, there is some way that we can stop and take a close look at ourselves and determine to start all over in our relationship with God and our living habits. We have just one life, just one period of time to live — how terrible if we waste it all, simply using in ingratitude God's gifts and resources, and never learn appreciation or contentment or usefulness to Him. Can we feel that we are

really preparing for Heaven if we do such a poor job of living with His riches in this world?

God keep us all.

In Him,
Betty

* * * * *

OCTOBER

Dear Ones,

During this time of economic crisis, when the words recession and starvation are heard in almost every newscast and the outlook for the future seems filled with impending disaster, I find it hard to stay discouraged. The reason?

Long ago the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah were overshadowed by a cloud of approaching physical disaster because they had grown so rotten with evil that God could no longer endure their presence on the face of the earth. They were slated for destruction; only one thing could have saved them — the weight of ten righteous souls in their midst, tipping the balance of the scales in favor of life. But the ten righteous could not be found.

Earlier, the whole world had been consumed in the same corruption, and at that time too the few righteous souls who were necessary to balance the scales were not there.

I know that every statistic says that the world of today is growing more corrupt day by day, that the percentage of people who even believe in God is steadily growing smaller. One would wonder how far we may be from the day when the weight of righteousness is overpowered by the tremendous weight of evil, and God will no longer be

able to bear the continued endurance of mankind on the earth.

But I cannot really despair because I am convinced that often we have to fall into the worst of plights before we wake up to realize that we had gone to sleep and were losing our handclasp with God. And by "we" I don't mean the world, but I am thinking of the church. We are the ten righteous that must remain faithful if the world is to continue — at least, this seems to be the case, if God follows His previous pattern of dealing with men.

And that is why I cannot stay discouraged. I will admit that many "Christians" were never converted, that many who were converted have forgotten the glow of that first love, and that many whole congregations could easily receive the messages to the seven churches of Asia. But at the same time I feel that there is a deeper sense of personal commitment and a greater feeling of urgency in the hearts of more and more Christians and congregations throughout the brotherhood than before. It may finally take fear and troubled times and ruinous circumstances to set us on fire as we ought to be, but I do believe that more of us now than in the past want to be used of God, and if that is true then I know He will handle the world situation so that we can be put to the best use possible. So how can we despair?

Do you know another reason why I can't despair? Within the church, half of the army has never really been called on to march! Men have been told they need to preach, to become elders and deacons, to prepare themselves for public leadership in worship. But women have primarily been told that they are to keep silent in the church. In spite of the negative encouragement, women, percentage-wise, are more dedicated workers with God than men. They have found much within the framework

of the scriptures that they can do—and yet there is so much more that women can do, scripturally, and that is why I am excited, because I want to work very hard during the coming year, corresponding with ladies' classes, and visiting many groups personally, with the purpose of raising the vision of the women of the church so that they can see the great role they can play in reaching out to the world! I want to teach in every possible way—at regular meetings of classes; at special "ladies' days" when a host congregation invites the sister women's groups to come in for an all-day session to study the work they can do; at two and three day "workshops" designed especially for women — Oh, there is so much we can do, my dear sisters in Christ! We can change the outlook for the whole future of the world if we will only offer our hearts and bodies as willing instruments for God to use!

A year of hard wonderful work lies in front of us — you and me. We can begin preparation for it as a band of fervent souls doing what Paul asked Timothy to do: "I exhort therefore, that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all men; for kings, for all that are in authority; (Why) that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty. For this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour, Who will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth." (I Tim. 2:1-4). God's end goal is to save, not to destroy. If we are dedicated to taking the truth to the world we can know that God's power is working to help us. He will overrule in the world's affairs if there are ten through which He can work. Let us pray for His help. And let us, as women in the church, be that ten.

In His Love,
Betty

He Stalks The World

Betty Burton Choate

It may be that our rosy tomorrows are almost a thing of the past. It may be that a monster of our own making has already begun his walk of death throughout the world.

It is almost impossible for us, living in our cushioned world of apparent economic security, to understand and accept the reality that *more than half* of the world's population *today* — not twenty or fifty years from now, but *today* — lives under the cloud of slow physical starvation! Today, living on opposite sides of the same globe, you as an average American ate 123 per cent of your daily food requirements while about half of the 600 million in India managed to continue their hold on life by eating one meager meal during the whole day. In other areas of the world where famine rages, thousands just died today.

Do you think this is bad? Oh, my friend, I have lived in India and I have felt fear close around my throat at the realization of the serious problems they are facing there now, and the fear has grown almost to desperation at the further thought that if the present trend continues, the situation will get worse and worse and worse with each passing year. It is like seeing stalking death coming relentlessly on, with no way to stop him.

Wherever there is a food shortage today, the living conditions are bad. Prices mount steadily, leaving the poor man able to buy less and less, and the situation steadily places an ever-increasing percentage of the population in the category of the poverty-stricken. The wealthy few hoard food because they can buy a surplus at any price; profiteers buy up available stocks to sell them later as the famine grows worse, bleeding the poor mercilessly; and

the poor starve in greater numbers. Prices increase beyond bearing, more people are starving, and finally the whole forward thrust of the economy is swallowed up in the maws of starvation. Life becomes simply the struggle to find something that can soothe the sickening gnawing of hunger.

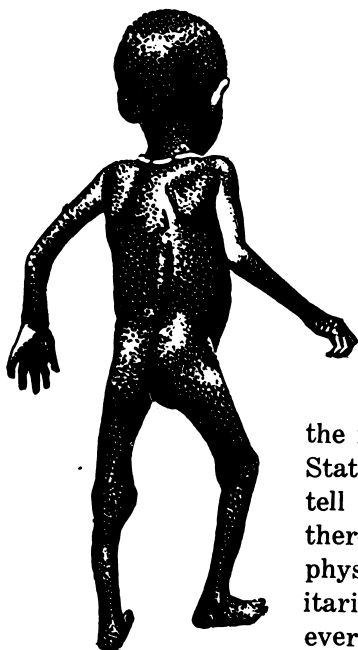
Not only India but much of the world is marching blindly, hopelessly down the one-way road to annihilation, and the whole world could be pulled along with it. If today 2½ billion of the earth's nearly 4 billion human inhabitants are on the brink of starvation, what will become of us when in 2000 A.D.—that's just 25 years from now; you and I will likely live to see that crucial time—there are 7 billion human mouths to feed? And what will happen when only 25 years later—our children will bear the horrifying burden of those years—there will be more people than the earth can possibly feed? You say, why get upset about a danger that is fifty years away? My friend, the danger won't come in the last day of that fifty years. It will come—it *has already* come to much of the world—as a slowly spreading plague, gradually engulfing a suffocatingly crowded world that will no longer be able to sustain itself. We will see—our children will see—the blight in the wake of this plague: people turning more and more to corruption and thievery and finally to violence and animalism in their desperation for food and water. And many of those who survive will be a race of physically and mentally retarded people, forever dependent on the world's mercy for a crumb.

You say, what is the answer? It is one that you probably have not considered, one you probably won't believe, one that may sound like a flight in fancy, but I know that it is the only true answer. We must take Christianity to the world in massive doses. It is the only hope. But you

object on the grounds that Christianity is medicine for the soul, not for the physical ailments of the world. Friend, we have deceived ourselves; we have realized only one part of the fulness of Christ's teachings. His message was designed to *draw man toward perfection* in his *physical* life in order that he could finally *reach perfection* in the spiritual realm. Wherever Christianity goes en masse, men cease to starve — have you not noticed? Do you not remember God's promise to feed and clothe His people?

If the principles of Christianity could permeate the world, ignorance and superstition would be brought under control and this would solve the problem of the runaway population growth. Where is the population explosion belt? Where is the starvation belt? Throughout Africa and Asia where false religions have held the minds of the people entrapped for generations and where the concepts of Christ have not really penetrated. Where is the birth rate being controlled, and where are people eating more than their bodies need each day? In the countries where the principles of Christ form the general thinking of the people. Do not these broad facts supply some clue to the real answer to the world's problems? Because God is a powerful God, able to make His rules work effectively anywhere and everywhere in the world, we can rely on His word that He will bless the righteous with both his spiritual and his physical needs.

Hunger and starvation stalk the world. In many places today the situation is hopelessly out of control. We can stop the spread of the plague by combating it with God's truth. No one else has that weapon, and it is the only one that will really work. Will we use it, or will we sit by and watch the world starve to death — and perhaps find ourselves and our children becoming the victims of our selfishness?



Dear Ones,

Perhaps you feel that the picture of urgency in the tract is exaggerated. I can assure you that you would not think so if you had ever come to grips with the reality of life outside the United States. There is no way for me to tell you how sad the conditions are there, or how badly those people need physical help. Feelings of humanitarianism demand that we give whatever help is possible whenever people are starving — but, stop and think:

Is the church or our nation or any nation really affluent enough to feed the six hundred million of India, or the hundreds of millions in the other undernourished countries? If we are honest we will admit that any help we give is like an aspirin for a fever — it may relieve the symptoms temporarily but it doesn't really treat the disease. A few people are benefitted by physical aid programs, but the need goes on and on and on.

Oh how I wish I could somehow make you understand that what we in the church must wake up and realize is that we are greatly to be blamed for the mess the world is in. Yes. We are greatly to be blamed. As individuals, as churches, as a whole brotherhood, we are, with few ex-

ceptions, playing with Christianity. Oh how it must hurt God to look across the rotten mess that unchecked sin has made in the world — and then to look at His children who are supposed to be busy treating and curing that evil, but He sees the majority in the Family having to be petted and encouraged and babied along to be halfway faithful even to worship Him. And He sees most of the rest of us tied down with petting and babying the weak ones who may have been weak now for ten or fifteen years. And He sees us so busy taking care of ourselves and enlarging and beautifying our places of worship and finding project after project to busy ourselves with for ourselves — and how He must *cry* in hurt and exasperation to know that the salvation His Son died for was taken from Christ's hands, taken from the Holy Spirit's hands, by-passed the angels' hands, and was placed *solely* in the hands of humans — His church, so busy with itself that it is seemingly unaware that the rest of the world is waiting in vain.

Can we not wake up? Since God had enough confidence in man to trust His work of the ages to their consciences, I believe we can wake up and do the work. We can't feed the world. God hasn't promised to help us do that. But we can take Him to the world and change it through that method. He has promised to be with us in that, and He won't fail. The question is, will we?

All of us can teach those around us, but there is a way you can reach out much further. Let me share my thoughts with you. Here at home we are so swamped with things to read and we live at such a fast pace that we have about decided that magazines and tracts and books are a dull subject, religiously, and we have a hard time getting excited about their potential in the preaching of the gospel. Per-

haps they are not as effective as in the past here at home, but if all the printed aids we have were suddenly taken away we might be surprised at the huge void we would find. But listen! Much of the rest of the world is only now learning to read, and something printed is still treasured there, especially in the underdeveloped countries. We don't have a Firm Foundation or a Gospel Advocate to offer to the people of India. When they want to study they don't have access to class books and commentaries and debates and sermons to help them grow. They may be blessed to have a New Testament, sometimes a whole Bible — but there are no cross-references in their Bible, no concordance in their language. Don't you see how much they need help, both to distinguish truth from the error that denominations have been teaching for years, and to deepen the understanding of those who are already Christians?

We are trying to help the people of India by printing such needed books and materials and making them available free of charge to Christians and interested people. We want to work, not only there but with fellow missionaries all over the world, to provide these books for any who want them so that the truth can be spread throughout those societies. Forty-seven books on various basic Bible topics have now been printed — but about \$4000 of that bill remains to be paid — in India. These are being sent out all over the country but the stock is going down rapidly since the beginning of our radio program this past March. We need to print more books there this year, in more of the languages of India, and we also want to print books here and in other countries so that these can be made available to brethren in other nations as they request them. In this way we can reach out in

preaching the gospel and planting the seed in many hearts that would never meet a Christian in person.

Will you help us with this work? Perhaps you look at the economy and doubt that you can spare the money. Let me suggest a plan that will work if you will only do the small part that is yours. Ladies' classes can become a powerful tool, and the women in God's army need to be more aware of what they can do. Would each woman in your class have 25¢ a week to spare for lost souls? Maybe you wonder how 25¢ can help. Multiply that by the number of weeks in a month—4—and you have \$1.00. Multiply that by ten—*surely* there are ten women in your ladies' class or in the congregation who would want to help in changing the world. That is such a little to ask. Is it too much? Ten dollars a month is small, alone, but if it is added to the money that other ladies' groups give, we can print those books and *no one* will have felt any strain—and, oh, the good that such a small gift can do! It reminds me of the loaves and fishes that Christ blessed and multiplied! But if that boy had not given . . . ?

I have prayed in writing this letter that I would say the right words to stir your heart. I will pray as I send the letters out that they will reach the right hands. And I will pray for you as you read this letter that your heart will be open to the cries of lost men in the world. I know our own hearts — I know the need to do this work — and I know that God will make a way for it to be done.

I want to stay in close contact with you as we work together. For that reason I need the name of one Christian lady in your class who will be responsible for communication between you and me. And I would ask that you write me what you intend to do with God's help, and send the checks to WORLD BOOK FUND, CHURCH

OF CHRIST, in care of my address here in Winona so that I can know exactly who is helping and in what way. Financial statements will be sent to you each month, and this money too will be under the oversight of our sponsoring elders in Dennis, Mississippi. I will be so happy to answer any questions and to visit you on your request.

God bless you as we work together with Him.

In Him,
Betty Choate

World Book Fund
c/o Mrs. J. C. Choate
Burton Drive
Winona, Mississippi 38967
Phone 601-283-1192

Just What Does The Great Commission Say?

We teach by two methods — word of mouth and action. And the old saying that action speaks louder than words is still true. In observing the various congregations of the Lord's church, in observing the *action* of the church, the person who was not familiar with Mark 16:15 would have a hard time defining the basic reason for the existence of the church.

Some would undoubtedly reason that the great commission would read: "Go ye and build buildings" For many years after the restoration movement began, Christians were plagued with an inferiority complex. Most converts were common people, not well-to-do, and meeting places were not elaborate. In recent years we seem to be determined to shake off this "third class" stigma that we feel, inwardly, has caused the townspeople to look down on the church. A massive program of building has swept the country, and today in the majority of towns where the church exists at all, the building that sports the name "Church of Christ" is the newest and often the nicest of any religious group. Of course the result of this building emphasis is that we are attracting more of the people who are looking for a social religion to salve their consciences, and so that we won't offend them we have grown so sophisticated and so polite and so soft in our preaching that not only the cushioned pews but the watered down form of the gospel is very comfortable for the audience. And as the world infiltrates the church, instead of the church infiltrating the world, we must please the half-converted members by adding luxury after luxury to our places of worship. The necessary footage in the auditorium and

the necessary classrooms are not enough — we must add every nicety, every extra that can be imagined. Naturally, none of these things are free. So we gladly devote a very major portion of the *Lord's* money each month to pay off the debt and the interest incurred in the erection and maintenance of our beautiful buildings — about which no one can find one word in the New Testament. *Where* are we commanded, or even authorized, to spend His money in this manner?

Someone else would suppose that the great commission reads: "Go ye and organize a clergy clique in each congregation." In the New Testament there is no evidence that each congregation had a paid preacher. It is more likely that the services were much more informal and that *the elders*, of all people, did the actual spiritual feeding of the church, and left the preachers free to do evangelistic work. But times have surely changed. In these days it is not enough that an old, well established congregation — that ought to be taking care of its own growth and development, being led by capable and mature men in the faith — have a full-time preacher working with and petting all the weak members along. Things have developed so that nearly all of the elders' work and that of the individual Christians has been laid on the shoulders of the preacher, or the hired workers. Thus, one man is not enough. Associates have become vital, as have educational directors and a host of others filling well-named posts. While the hiring of all these trained and capable men leaves the members free to make more money and to have more time for leisure, it also means that they are crippled and stunted in their spiritual growth, just as a child would be if his parents always did his walking for him. And it further means that practically all of the Lord's money that has not been allotted to the building

debt is paid out in salaries to support the workers who do by "proxy" the work of the individual members of the church. Thus, instead of sending men, sufficiently supported, into new areas to preach the good news, we hoard both the preachers and the money to our own spiritually well-fed bosoms, and leave the rest of the world in starvation.

Some would declare that the commission says: "Go ye and take care of all the unfortunate of your community."

We are living in a prosperous time, with lots of contributions to allot to something. And a new fad is catching on of late. We have so many neglected orphans and unloved old people in the church that it has become a necessity that each congregation build and maintain first its own private orphanage, and then when that is all taken care of, the old folks' home is next on the program. (How often is I Tim. 5:9, 10 considered?) Naturally these buildings must be equipped with the very best, and that doesn't come cheap. And they must be staffed. Not many would devote their time unselfishly to such causes, so it is only natural that couples and workers are paid competitive salaries to operate these homes. Of course it would not hurt individual Christians to exert their religion enough to take one of these orphans into his home, and it would not hurt either for the members to take care of their own aged relatives, but that seems to be a thing of the past. We don't have enough time, or patience, or . . . religion? . . . to go much out of our way for others these days. If we can discharge our responsibility with money, we'll do it, but if not, it likely won't be discharged.

The commission might read, "Preach ye at home". It takes little effort to have a local radio or television program, and if there are ten congregations in a small area

they quite often each have their own individual programs of advertising and teaching, year after year after year. They saturate the area with the truth, the listeners become gluttoned on it, then they become sick, and then they are finally immuned to its effects because of simple over-dosage. None of us in the church seem to remember the strict *commands* by Jesus that His pearls are not to be cast before swine, and that if the people of an area won't hear Him, the dust of that place is to be shaken off against them, and the preachers are to go to others who *will* hear and receive the message. But we salve our consciences with these programs of work, feeling that we are doing *something*, and year after year we support unfruitful activities that would have been dropped long ago if we were paying for them with our own money instead of the Lord's.

Beloved, I am *not* opposed to adequate buildings, capable preachers, benevolent works, or an active program of evangelistic teaching in our own community. But regardless of how much we like these activities, and how beneficial we are convinced they are, the great commission laid on the church by Jesus Christ did not say these things. Listen to His words afresh: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature . . ." We cannot change those words. They explain the primary function and the outstanding obligation of the church — to take His gospel to every soul. When this is done properly, the other phases of the work of the church will naturally result, but they must never take precedence over the carrying out of the commission under which we are bound.

Sad to say, someone told me recently that when the budget for the coming year had been drawn up and completed, someone discovered that not a penny had been allotted to the preaching of the gospel in areas that have

not heard it. This oversight was corrected — a few hundred dollars of a yearly budget of about twenty thousand dollars was ear-marked for mission work! This amounted to about four percent of the total budget. Oh, dear ones, how many have *forgotten* the great commission when the budget was made out, and how many more have kept ninety or ninety-five or ninety-eight percent of the Lord's money to spend on *self*. It makes me hurt to think of how we have twisted and perverted the Lord's will, and how unendingly *selfish* we are with his truth!

At the present time there is only one country wealthy enough, with Christians enough, to evangelize the world. No one could convince me that this is merely coincidence. America is what she is so that the gospel may be taken to the rest of mankind from here. For a long time this has been true. The Lord has been patient with us since the beginning of the restoration movement, allowing us time to grow up to maturity, and to sort out the important things from the unimportant. But we are so very slow, and sometimes I am convinced that we are growing so slowly that at the present rate there is no hope of our ever teaching every creature. More and more we are softening up and becoming like the world. We lack aggressive work programs and so we begin to quibble and divide over petty opinions. We are growing more cold and sophisticated in our worship services, so the reactionaries fall into false teaching, trying to put life back into Christianity. But in the end, none of these substitutes will do more than weaken and mutilate the body of Christ. Why can't we be wise enough to see that if we would get busy, every one of us, doing what the Lord said to do, we wouldn't have all of these problems in the church? We are just like a spoiled child that has for too long had every thing his heart could desire, who is selfish to the core, unwilling

to divide the first thing with anyone, and always wanting more. If one of our own children reaches such a despicable state we finally take all we can and then resort to the wonders of discipline to correct the bad situation. Can we expect the Lord to do differently? If we were very well read in the Bible we would be able to see ourselves time and time again in the people that fill its pages. And invariably when they failed in their responsibilities they were severely punished. I don't like to be an alarmist, but frankly, I am alarmed. Unless we change and get serious about doing the work we have been given to do, our country, and the church in our country, are facing a time of severe punishment. It is coming, and I am afraid it is inevitable, because I am afraid that too few will be aware of the reality until it is too late. We sleep on to our own destruction, happy and content and blind.

I wish you could see the world that is being lost while we go on enjoying all of our good things day after day. I wish you could see the little hands that reach out to you on the streets, begging, and the lonely hopeless eyes above them. I wish you could see the gaunt bodies of old men, huddled in the street corners, trying to wrap themselves in enough rags that the cold will not drag them off to the unknown world tonight. I wish you could see the old women slowly and carefully picking through piles of garbage for a few bites to eat. I wish you could look into the eyes of young people and see the blank look that a person wears when he cannot read and develop his mind. I wish you could see the hovels that serve as home, the rags that cover thin bodies that have never known enough to eat. I wish you could see the sick children dying for lack of medicine. I wish you could see the self-punishment in the name of religion, the sacrifices offered to lifeless idols, the repugnant traditions and superstitions

that chain the masses of the world. Your heart would bleed for the hopelessness of the world, and you would cry out to God, begging him to multiply your abilities so that you could make life different for these pitiful people. You would work and give and pray to the point of exhaustion, knowing that in the final analysis the only thing that can make life and death different for them is to bring them the gospel — and in saving them you would find out what it really means to be a Christian and to live the Christian life yourself. It is heartbreakingly true that we can be saved as we try to save the world, or we will be lost as we allow it to be lost.

“Son of man, I have made thee a watchman When I say unto the wicked, Thou shalt surely die; and thou givest him not warning, nor speakest to warn the wicked from his wicked way, to save his life; the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand . . .” Eze. 3:17, 18

WAITING

Betty Burton Choate

No we have not met.
You do not know my name,
Nor does my face in memory's world
Haunt your thoughts
And urge again to burning flame
A love for me—
You know me not.



You do not see my morning's world—
So alien to your own—
Nor feel the hunger and despair,
The hopelessness, the day of care
—The burden—ohh, the BURDEN of despair
That I must face
And must endure
When all my strength is gone
And I'm alone
And life goes on and on and on

I know—I KNOW the emptiness
Of empty hope
Of empty gods
That give no life
For they *have* none to give—
They never lived—

Continued on next page

And when I die
 They cannot hear my cry
 And breathe again into my dust the breath of life
 And make me live.

No No
 You never felt my winter's cold
 That numbs the hands
 And bites the naked feet
 And kills the old
 And burns away in summer's heat
 With no relief;
 Nor have you heard with anguished heart
 Your children cry
 For food you do not have
 And watched them die
 And watched them die

Yes, friend I know we have not met,
 But I have *heard* of you;
 And I have *heard* your house is warm
 Through winter's snow and through its storms,
 And I have *heard* you've never felt
 The weakness
 And the burning, gnawing pang
 That comes again, again, again
 And I have *heard*—
 Yes, I have even heard it *said*
 That though you have the richness of the world
 (Abundantly are fed)
 And could want for nothing more
 You think you're poor
 And I have *heard*

Something of a God—
A greater God than mine—
Who holds within His hands the power
To bless you so
With all these gifts of wealth
And happiness and health
And hope

When the burning rays of sun
Unclosed my eyes upon this day
I felt no joy
Of what this day may hold—
The good that may unfold—
—Today will be as yesterday
And tomorrow as the day before—
But, friend, *someday*—
Perhaps a few days more—
You will come
And share your God with me
And teach me what will be
And make my eyes to see
And give me hope
And give me life—
Oh, my friend, in a sea of darkness and despair
I grope—
Come soon—come soon—I die

* * * * *

No. The story doesn't end. As with life, it must go on, and it will go on, unfolding in other years and other experiences.

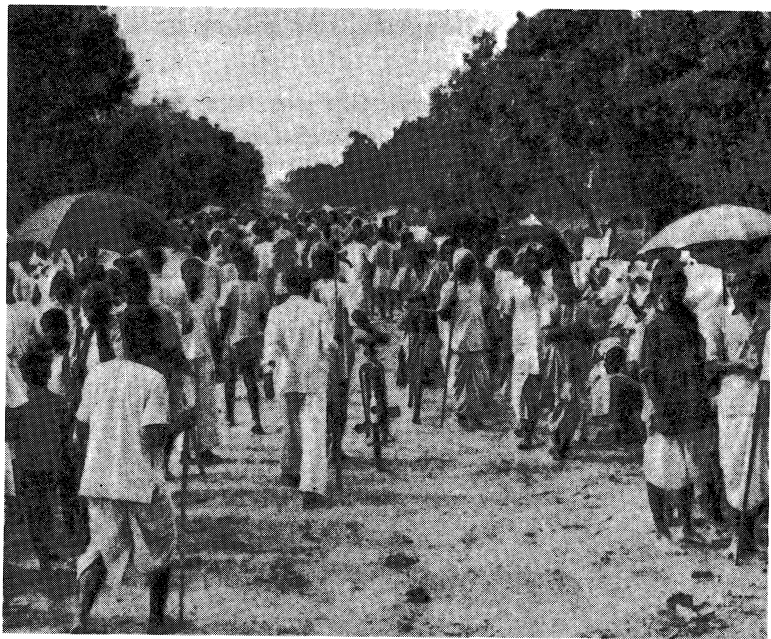
We left India with a sense of satisfaction over work accomplished, but that feeling was greatly over-shadowed by other realizations. We knew that we, personally, had

—well, it felt like we had walked into a new room so far as the work in India is concerned, and this one seemed to offer a much broader view than any we had been in before. We felt that with a deeper realization of the Indian outlook, and with our own eyes set more strongly on the multitudes of India than on individuals, we were in position to do more there than ever before. We still feel that way.

Shortly after our departure from Delhi, Bro. David's wife came to the States with the intention of working here as a nurse. Due to difficulties with her transcripts, and other problems, she returned to India in September. We had foreseen just such an outcome to the venture, but I suppose they had to learn the expensive way that their plans were not workable. Sunny said then that he wanted to forget the whole thing and turn his attention instead to his work. We pray that he will continue with that resolve.

According to plan, J. C. returned to India in November, stopping on the way in Singapore to buy recording equipment for the radio program. During these months he and Sunny and the other members of the church have been working to record enough sermons in Hindi for the first eight months of broadcasting. With 350,000,000 people in India alone who speak Hindi, you can see why we are excited about making it possible for those people to hear the gospel. Bible courses and books in the language will also be available, and Sunny or Vipul or others of the Christians in Delhi will be able to visit the prime prospects as they write in — and we know from experience that there will be bundles of mail every day as a result of the program.

So, we are thrilled and excited. The church in Delhi is a stable work force made up of men who have been



Christians long enough and who have studied long enough that they can be invaluable help in spreading the truth through all of North India. We don't expect thousands of baptisms over-night, but we do expect churches to gradually develop here and there and finally through the whole area as the word is sown in hearts and has time to germinate and grow. Our two-fold thrust will be the radio program and the printed page: the magazine, full-length books, and tracts. And these will be undergirded by personal visits and studies and gospel meetings, carried out primarily, we hope, by the local Christians.

Our part in the work will be continued guidance for the church in Delhi, plus preparing materials for printing, overseeing the printing, being responsible for the re-

ording for the radio program, and seeing to it that the bills are paid.

And there is so much more that we want to do in making books and study materials available to other missionaries all over the world, in helping to plant the church in new areas during the time we must be at home because of the children's education, in helping the church to better see itself and its reason for existence. We somehow must, as God's people, open our eyes and see ourselves as we are and see our Lord as he pointed to the world and told us plainly to "GO."

Inspirational Readings

The Death of Abel, Solomon Gessner, Cloth, \$4.00.

Christian Evidences

The Fall of Unbelief, Roger E. Dickson, Cloth, \$12.00.

Evolution in the Light of Scripture, Science and Sense, Basil Overton, Cloth, \$6.00.

Missionary Books

Mother of Eighty, Dena Korfker, Cloth, \$3.00.

The Great Commission and You, John Waddey, Paper, \$2.00.

Ready, Set, Gospel, Peggy Simpson, Paper, \$1.00.

Journey with Joy, A Study Course, Louanna M. Bawcom, Paper, \$1.00.

God Answers His Mail, Glover Shipp, Cloth, \$3.00.

Fire in My Bones, Great Missionary Themes of the Bible, Vol. 1, Glover Shipp, Cloth, \$6.00.

Grouped in Groups, A Practical Approach to World Evangelism, Roger E. Dickson, Cloth, \$4.00.

The Dew Breakers, Dow Merritt, Cloth, \$8.00.

There's No Nut Like a Brazil Nut!, Glover Shipp, Cloth, \$8.00.

The Call of World Evangelism, Roger E. Dickson, Paper, \$2.00.

Lessons on Missions from 20 Years in Sao Paulo, Teston Gilpatrick, Cloth, \$6.00.

A Missionary Speaks, J.C. Choate, Cloth, \$6.00, Paper, \$4.00.

Books by Betty Burton Choate

First Steps in Faith, Betty Burton Choate, Third Edition, Cloth, \$5.00.

Dear Ones, Betty Burton Choate, Cloth, \$5.00.

Let Us Go Again, J.C. and Betty Choate, Cloth, \$5.00.

Windows of the Soul, Book of Poems, Betty Burton Choate, Cloth, \$6.00, Paper, \$4.00.

Still Moments, Book of Poems, Betty Burton Choate, Cloth, \$6.00, Paper, \$4.00.

Commentaries

Commentary on Revelation, Donald R. Taylor, Paper, \$3.00.

Church History

Unity in the Midst of Slavery and War: Church of Christ 1800-1870, Joe D. Gray, Cloth, \$5.00, Paper, \$3.00.

Poetry Books

Windows of the Soul, Betty Burton Choate, Cloth, \$6.00, Paper, \$4.00.

Still Moments, Betty Burton Choate, Cloth, \$6.00, Paper, \$4.00.